Week ending April 29 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

THE ROMANCE OF OUR JET SUCCESS

by HARRY HOPKINS

SHOWGIRL ON SKATES

CUP FINAL CAPTAIN

"Most natural-looking perm ever!"

ALL THE LOVELIEST YOUNG STARS AGREE

IF you were a film star, wouldn't you insist on having the very best permanent wave money could buy? You'd know that on the screen any flaw in your hair-do would show up many times larger than life.

It is, indeed, the perfect results of Pin-Up that have delighted all the loveliest young stars. (The fact that the Pin-Up home perm is inexpensive and a great time-saver means nothing to them.)

No frizz with Pin-Up

"With Pin-Up," say the young stars, "waves and curls look natural from the day they are done. There's no frizz, no dryness, yet the perm lasts and lasts."

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BARBARA MURRAY (*she was in BOYS IN BROWN*) *says, "Pin-Up gives just the soft, natural-looking waves so fashionable for short hair."*

PEGGY EVANS *is thrilled with her Pin-Up. "From the very first day," she says, "there was no frizz." Peggy plays in THE BLUE LAMP.*

LANA MORRIS *is delighted with her Pin-Up home perm. "It's as easy to set as naturally curly hair," she says. Lana is now appearing in MORNING DEPARTURE.*

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Temporary uncivil servant now works "regularly"

"Well now," I said to our Mr. P., "how's the form?"

"*Tcha!*" *he returned, sharp as a final demand.* "*I feel as if someone had filled me in. It's this constipation. With a subsection like mine, what can I be but non-employed, class C?*"

"What are you doing about it?" I said.

"*Nothing,*" *growled Mr. P.* "*All my usual channels have let me down.*"

"Ah!" I said, "that'll be the trouble."

"*Clarify that statement,*" *commanded Mr. P.*

"Well," I said, "you've got about 30 feet of tubing inside you, and everything you eat has to pass along this usual channel. Your intestinal muscles pull it through. But the soft foods you get nowadays don't give muscles anything to work on."

"*Non-utilization of resources, eh?*" *asked our Mr. P.*

"Precisely," I said. "And that means a bottleneck—in fact, constipation. Only one thing can save you," I said, "—bulk buying, and that means buying Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran, besides being a delicious breakfast food, supplies the *bulk* those muscles need to grip on. It'll make you regular in a matter of days!"

Off went Mr. P., and when I saw him next he looked as happy as a minister *with* portfolio. "So the charm worked, did it?" I asked

"*It certainly did,*" *he replied.* "*All-Bran three days running—and there I was—regular as my cup of tea. All-Bran for me,*" *said Mr. P.*

"You can say that in triplicate," I said.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN relieves constipation, keeps you "regular." Made from rich outer layers of whole wheat, deliciously oven-toasted with malt, salt and sugar. Makes a splendid breakfast, and many appetizing cakes, buns, and surprise dishes.

7½d. a packet, from your grocer.

With all my worldly goods . . .

Bless them! What *are* his worldly goods? A wireless set (1941), an old motor-cycle, a house (on mortgage). But don't lets worry—after the honeymoon he will couple his life assurance with his mortgage. So should the worst happen the house will belong to his wife. And the sooner he starts the better! Yes, the Refuge representative is going to help this couple to live happily ever after . . .

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CHIEF OFFICE: OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER

R151a

EDITORIAL

Why we must win the war in Malaya

HOW MANY PEOPLE realize that Great Britain is at war—on a scale approaching that of the Boer War, yet without acknowledgment or even much publicity?

The battlefield is Malaya. There are no full-scale clashes between armies, but fighting is continuous and losses on both sides are heavy.

This campaign already absorbs 14,000 British regular troops, more than 30,000 armed police and auxiliaries, and a large contingent of the Royal Air Force, both fighters and bombers.

It shows no sign whatever of being successfully ended, unless the appointment of Lieutenant-General Sir Harold Briggs to the new post of Director of Operations indicates that the British Government at last sees the danger signals and means to win without further delay.

Sir Harold, experienced jungle commander though he may be, is up against something bigger than our present resources on the spot seem likely to overcome.

The truth is that Malaya is a part of the one sector of the East-West world struggle which is now "hot," not "cold." South-East Asia includes the French area of Indo-China, where active war is also being waged, and the Dutch area of Indonesia, where it periodically breaks out again.

IN Malaya, therefore, we are not merely fighting a few thousand local malcontents. That would be bad enough, under the difficult conditions of jungle warfare, which favours guerrillas and makes formal armies look foolish.

Instead we are fighting world Communism. The orders which send bullets into the bodies of British soldiers in Johore and the other Malay States spring initially from the Kremlin. And as long as the Kremlin can get its fighting against Britain done for it by expatriated Chinese desperados in Malaya, there is no reason why it should not carry on this war forever—or at least until the battle is made so deadly that no more Chinese guerrillas offer themselves for service.

So there are three alternatives before the British Government.

1. It can carry on the present desultory war until either peace is forged between East and West or open world war breaks out.

2. It can throw much greater forces into Malaya with the hope and intention of stamping out the elusive enemy once and for all.

3. It can abandon Malaya.

But the last alternative is impossible. We are responsible for Malaya, and we know that the native population, which is neither Communist nor anti-British, looks to us to keep order and preserve freedom.

Morally, we must stay. Economically we cannot afford to go. Malaya is one of the richest parts of the earth's surface. It is the richest section of the sterling area, with a tremendously favourable dollar balance, thanks to its wealth of rubber and tin.

Both duty and interest therefore demand that we fight Communism there with all the military and political power we can muster.

SO our choice is between the other two alternatives—a protracted war or an all-out effort to finish it.

Hitherto we have followed the policy of the protracted war. In two years, 800 civilians and 140 British soldiers have been killed, while the Communists have lost 2,500 men.

After all that futile bloodshed, the position remains unchanged—and so bad that early this month, we resorted to air attacks with several types of planes, including bombers.

Yet bombing an invisible enemy in the jungle-covered mountains of Malaya is hardly an efficient and economical method of warfare. All the world's air forces could drop all the world's bombs into that vast wilderness—and still plenty of Communist guerrillas would survive to continue their cut-and-run war and reign of terror against civilians.

They have to be winkled out and extirpated on the ground. Mile by mile the country must be searched and cleared—and all possible Communist communications cut, as was done in Burma against the Japs.

To do this our present forces are clearly inadequate. It might well pay better to employ a big army in Malaya for one year than a small army for several years—at the end of which no progress would have been made.

A stronger and more decisive policy is called for. It is to be hoped that Sir Harold Briggs will supply it—and that he will be given all the men and equipment he needs to clean up Malaya finally.

Meanwhile, let us drop this humbug about "bandits"—and face the fact that we are fighting a war.

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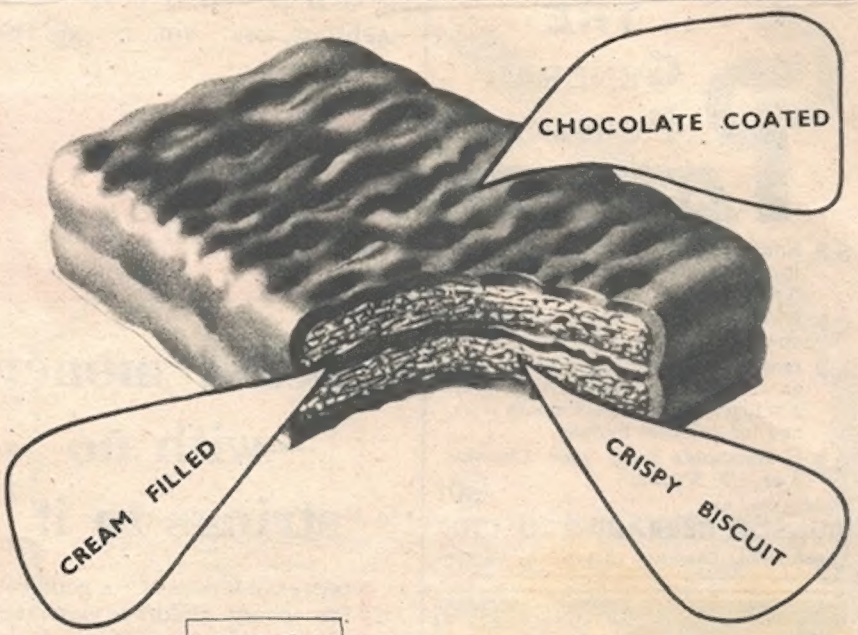

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You'll get rid of pain of corns, callouses instantly with Dr. Scholl's New Super-Soft Zino-pads. *Such* relief immediately these thin, cushioning pads protect tender spot! Scalloped edge ensures smooth fit. Flesh colour. 1/9 from chemists, shoe dealers, stores, Scholl depots. Sizes for corns, callouses, bunions, and soft corns.

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
APRIL 29, 1950 VOL. 87 NO. 2287 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Pocket money —with no strings to it

JOHN MAY MAKES OUT a good case for letting children earn their pocket money (JOHN BULL, April 1). The drawback is that it will turn children into mercenary business men before they reach their teens. When asked to fetch a newspaper from the hall or pass the salt at table, their instinctive reply will be: "How much?" No niece or nephew will ever hold Auntie's wool or light Uncle's pipe without leering expectantly for a remuneration.

Most children remember with affection the people who have slipped a coin into their hands. This wage business would take all that pleasure from a youngster's childhood. —SCHOOLBOY, Cheltenham.

. . . I have four sons, and I find John May's idea of earning pocket money works very well. My two eldest sons have a regular "employer," a woman who noticed their flair for doing odd jobs during the Scouts' Bob-a-Job Week. They go to her regularly, and the money they earn helps them to save.

I felt so pleased and proud on Mothering Sunday to be showered with gifts from them—bought out of their own well-earned pocket money. —MRS. A. RADCLIFFE, 12 Hilltop Avenue, Whitefield, Lancs.

STOLEN JOURNEY
see page 14

Make-up Class

OUR HEADMISTRESS recently arranged a course of lectures by a local hairdresser on make-up and hair styles. It was most successful, and now the majority of the girls wear make-up that goes with their skin and features, instead of trying to copy their favourite film star. Why don't other schools follow this example? I am sure many girls would appreciate a little help when they start to use make-up. — MONA OSBORNE (aged eighteen), 3 Foxburrow Road, Sprowston, Norwich.

Father Helped At Birth

THE SUGGESTION THAT husbands should be present during childbirth made by Mrs. L. S., of Blackburn ("Free Speech," April 1), is a sensible one. My baby was born before the nurse arrived and the doctor, needing assistance, called on my husband. He was thoroughly interested and enjoyed helping. What a grand feeling it was to have him there to give me that extra bit of courage and confidence. His "Well done, lass!" when it was over was the best praise I had. —HAPPY MOTHER, Sheffield, Yorks.

. . . Child labour can reduce one's appearance to that of a haggard slattern in a few hours, and the final indignity of perching like a wounded camel on a narrow table is enough to cool any romance. Maybe I'm too modest, but I don't think I could have looked my husband in the face at either of my births. While childbirth may be one of Nature's miracles, it certainly isn't one of her lovelier moments to watch.—MRS. IRENE MCINTOSH, 10 Angus Oval, Glasgow, S.W.2.

Rings Round The Bath

WHY IS IT THAT manufacturers insist on keeping to the old pattern of making baths with the outlet hole at the same end as the tap? The dirty water drains away,

leaving a "tide mark" behind it. If the outlet and taps were at opposite ends the clean water would automatically run away and take the dirty water with it.—PETER ALLEN, 25 Acacia Avenue, Hayes, Middlesex.

The Way To Shine

I HAVE JUST JOINED the R.A.F. and can assure Mrs. Jones ("Free Speech," April 8) that burning with a hot spoon is one method of obtaining a good shine on your boots. But it is not meant to be repeated, only used once to remove dullness and pimples from new boots.—RECRUIT, London, N.W.2.

. . . There is no need to use a red-hot spoon to get highly polished boots. In my time our boots were "boned" with the handle of a toothbrush. Blacking was smeared on, the handle dipped into cold water and rubbed briskly over the leather, and the polishing done with a smooth cloth and the boot held between the knees.—Ex-C.S.M., South Lancs.

Cooking By The Book

LAST YEAR I WAS IN a similar position to Miss Marie James, "The Bride Who Cannot Cook" ("Free Speech," April 8). About to be married, I knew nothing about cooking. I imagined a dissatisfied husband after a week, and no husband at all after a fortnight. But I surrounded myself with cookery books and found myself following them—successfully! So far I have had no real failures and my husband assures me he is completely satisfied.—MRS. ANGELA EYRES, 104 Basingstoke Road, Reading, Berks.

. . . I am a postman pensioner aged sixty-two, and, having recently lost my wife, I have to be my own housekeeper. This entails not only cooking but keeping the house in order and doing all the shopping as well. The cooking I do includes baking cakes and making Yorkshire pudding. Sometimes I wonder if the younger generation is living by the tin-opener and the fried fish shops.—G. A. ASHTON, 45 Brendon Avenue, Chamberlain Road, Hull.

Tribute From A Nurse

THE SCENE PAINTED BY cover artist A. R. Thomson, R.A. (JOHN BULL, March 11), was typical of a male ward, and I liked the tribute paid to nurses. I remember when, as a very young student nurse, the men were most sympathetic, covering up my blunders and preventing what might have been awkward situations if my very efficient ward sister had found out.

I wonder if readers will agree that men make the most tolerant patients. Or is it the ease with which they can be charming to the opposite sex?—MRS. I. LESTER, S.E.A.N., 21 Arlington Street, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1.

Black Man's Blindness

YOUR ARTICLE, "Blind Man Leads A Crusade" (JOHN BULL, April 1), gives the impression that nothing is being done for our Colonial friends. In fairness I feel it should be known that the Sudan Interior Mission has a large mission at Kano which, when I was last there in 1943, was equipped with a large and well-organized eye hospital run by an eminent American eye surgeon.

But Ian Bevan hit the nail on the head with the phrase, "It is the will of God" in connection with apathy on the part of the natives. They are fatalists, and you have to overcome this, and also their distrust of European medicine, before you can treat them. I have personally dressed a ghastly tropical ulcer on a youth's leg, only to see the lad toss the dressing in the muddy Gambia River five minutes later and wash the ulcer out with dirty water and leaves.—E. G. AYRES, London, S.W.16.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

TEAM COLOURS set cover artist Gilbert Wilkinson a poser. Both Liverpool and Arsenal normally play in red shirts, and their Cup Final colours had not been decided when he planned this painting. So he chose his own colours—blue and white for Arsenal, black and white for Liverpool. Wilkinson mixes in pubs and at sports grounds for his material. He avoids fellow artists—"they all talk shop."

"Oh, that was yesterday: I've had a fresh engine put in."

"But you can't get an engine changed as quickly as that!"

"You can with Ford Service Facilities. What's more, I've got an engine straight off the production lines at Dagenham, tested and guaranteed to the same standards of efficiency as the brand-new job *and* it cost me less than a rebore and general overhaul."

IN MOTORING — *most for your money means* Ford

Rain and sunshine both together"

—but, in spite of the proverbial fickleness of the weather, your motoring at least can be thoroughly dependable when you . . .

Rely on

DUNLOP

The World's Master Tyre

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NICE WEEK END JOB FOR DADDY

Windows easier to open, doors easier to shut, pram easier to push — all this and much more, you can achieve by buying him a can of ESSO HANDY OIL, the oil that *cleans* and *prevents rust* as it lubricates — and getting him on an attic-to-cellar search for squeaks and stiffness.

Big 8 oz. can with curved spout 1/9d. Refills in bottle 1/6d.

It pays to say

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HANDY OIL

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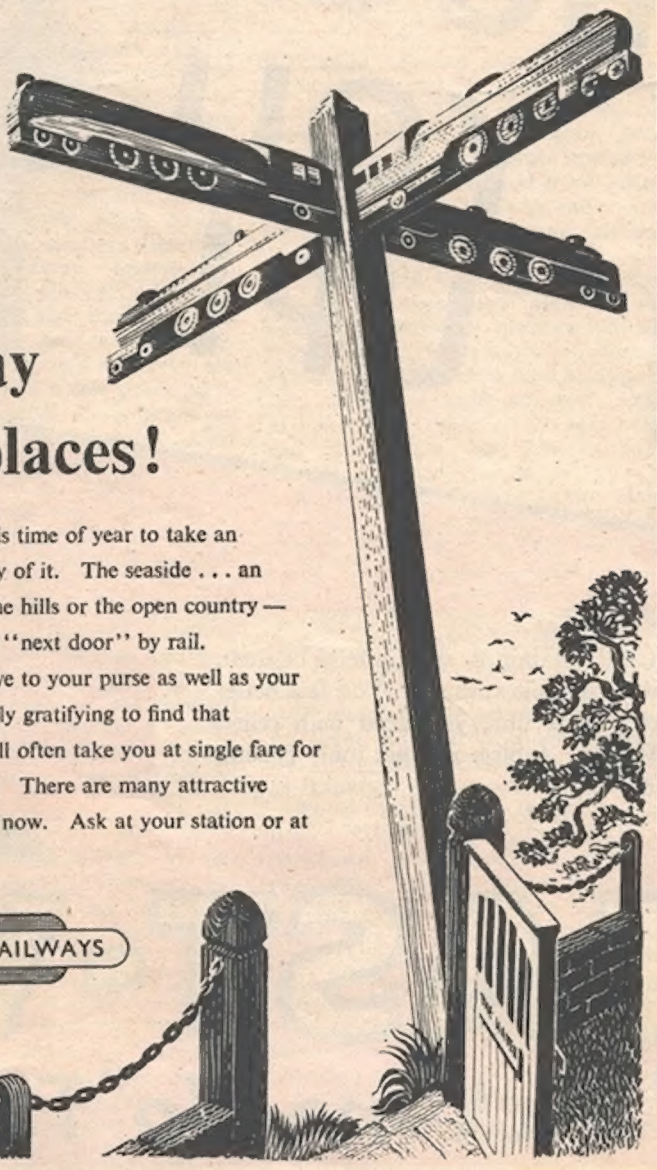
The way to go places!



How pleasant at this time of year to take an outing — for the joy of it. The seaside . . . an historic town . . . the hills or the open country — they are all happily "next door" by rail. And if you've an eye to your purse as well as your pleasure, how doubly gratifying to find that British Railways will often take you at single fare for the double journey. There are many attractive day excursions just now. Ask at your station or at any travel agency.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

Here's News!

You can now buy

Beecham's Pills

SMOOTH COATED JB

Smooth Coated—or in the original form—you will find in Beecham's Pills a gentle, reliable and effective laxative which is now more popular than ever.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS!

YEAST-VITE

Relieves Your PAIN!

When you are in pain and you take Yeast-Vite "Pick-Me-Up" Tablets, you get—not one—but two benefits. Firstly, because it is an analgesic, Yeast-Vite brings you relief from your headache, nerve pain or rheumatic twinge.

But it also —

BUCKS YOU UP!

Due to Yeast-Vite's valuable Vitamin B_1 and Caffeine content, your pain relief is followed by tonic stimulus. You feel better and brighter in yourself. Next time you need pain relief, take Yeast-Vite "Pick-Me-Up" Tablets and get tonic benefit, too! Price 1/6 and 3/8.

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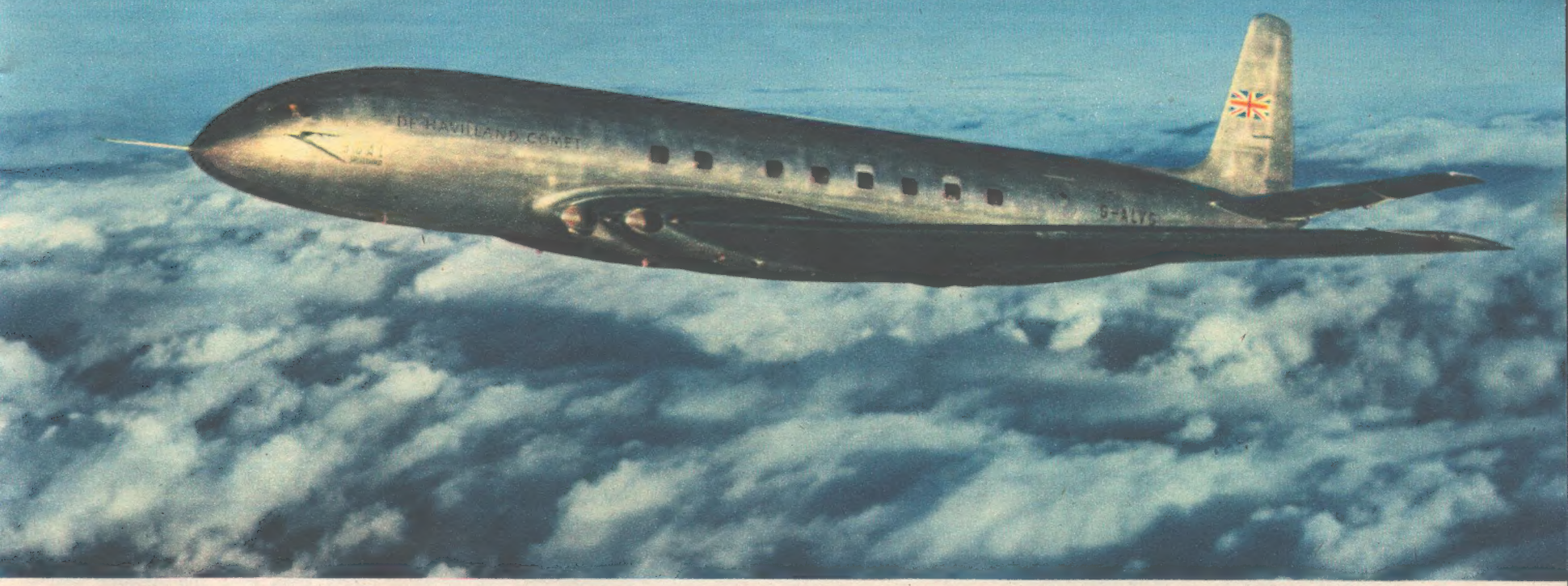
FASTER and FASTER Britain leading

by HARRY HOPKINS



The Comet, fastest—and first jet-engined—airliner in the world. In flight, quiet as a ghost and so steady inside that you can stand a coin on edge

THIS IS THE FULL, fascinating story of our advance into the Jet Age. A young man's experiments with an engine that "looked like a bit of old plumbing" have given us the Comet—and the prospect of thunderbolt passenger travel seven miles above the earth. Today we lead the world with the jet engine—a vital key to the SHAPE OF BRITAIN'S FUTURE

AS THE WHINE OF THE JETS deepened to a scream and the scream rose and tightened to a snarl, the watchers on the concrete moved back as if pushed by an invisible arm. Four dark mouths swelled in the long, low wing. From between them, rose a great shining orb of a nose. The nose lay close to the ground so that the plane's tail rode incongruously high above it like a shark's fin.

It was the de Havilland Comet—the first jet airliner in the world—and on this summer evening it was to fly for the first time. The snarl of the jets drilled into the eardrums. Behind the wing, the air shimmered in a translucent, wavering cone. A hundred yards away, in a straight line, four trees shook as if in a gale.

Shortly after six o'clock on this Wednesday evening, July 27, 1949, the Comet rolled out to its take-off position. Seen from the side, with its elongated silvery body, its swept-back wings, its tapering nose, it looked like nothing so much as a great fish. Then, suddenly, a grey streak was screaming down the runway. At 6.17 p.m. its wheels left the concrete and it slid into the air, climbing rapidly towards the clouds.

Below, on the concrete, the shirt-sleeved workers raised a cheer. Tomorrow, they knew, their Comet, Britain's Comet, would shoot across the front pages of the world. For these men it meant that three years of hard, faithful work had been crowned by success. But for one of the watchers—a small, neat man with a small, neat moustache and a gift for unobtrusiveness—it meant a good deal more than that. The story of Frank Whittle, the Cadet Who Wrote the Essay, is still a good deal less familiar than the story of James Watt, the Lad Who Watched the Kettle Sing. But today it is no less a part of our history.

It opens one January day in 1923. A disconsolate youth is hanging about on a station platform in Buckinghamshire. It is Frank Whittle, fifteen years old and a reject from the R.A.F. Apprentices School to which he had gone in high hope, two days before. "Poor physique," said the doctors' report. It was a heavy blow. For from the Apprentices School six scholarships were awarded each year to the R.A.F. College at Cranwell, and Whittle, an engineer's son, was a young man who looked ahead. But, like the stories of all great inventors, the Whittle story is a story of endless driving persistence—backed by faith. Back home in Coventry, Whittle went to a local gymnasium. Daily he carried out the body-building exercises prescribed, stuck to the diet, which, he said later, consisted largely of olive oil. At the end of six months the boy had put three inches on his chest. When he applied to the R.A.F. once more, they refused to reconsider. So Whittle started again from scratch, took the examination, went up again to the school as if he had never seen it before. No one remembered him. The doctors passed him.

In due course, Whittle won his cadetship and went up to Cranwell, where in his last term he was required to produce a thesis. He chose as his subject "Possible Future Developments in Aircraft Design." "To write it," he explained later, "I had to think—and think hard." What he thought of was Jet Propulsion.

Patent In Pocket, He Saw Higher-ups

The idea rooted and grew. It was still growing when Whittle, a newly fledged pilot-officer, was posted on a course to the Central Flying School. By a chance fortunate for Britain, his instructor there was a certain Flying Officer Patrick Johnson, a qualified patent attorney. To Johnson, Whittle confided the plan that had been shaping in his mind. He would incorporate a turbine to drive the compressor that would compress the air in his combustion chamber. Johnson's professional instincts were aroused. The two men sat down. Whittle drew the diagrams; Johnson did the writing: the first patent was taken out on January 16, 1930.

With that in his pocket, Whittle went with his idea to the Air Ministry. A fine idea, they agreed—an idea, in fact, that had captivated engineers for more than a century. Unfortunately, it was quite impracticable.

That year the two men hawked the Jet Engine around Britain's engineering firms. The

answer was always the same. Impracticable, old man. In despair, Whittle allowed his patent to lapse. "Five pounds—the renewal fee—" he explained afterwards, "was a lot of money to a young officer in the R.A.F."

His faith in his idea remained undiminished. Up at Cambridge University as an engineer officer, Whittle ran into a couple of ex-R.A.F. pals who knew about this idea of his. Between them they scratched together £2,000, formed a small private company called Power Jets, Ltd., placed an order with B.T.H., the big turbine firm.

Assembled on the bench in the big Rugby workshop, under the care of its inventor, the world's first jet engine looked more like a bit of old plumbing. To believe that it could ever power an aeroplane seemed ludicrous. On April 27, 1937, —to the general consternation— Whittle's engine ran. As the revolution counter spun crazily round to 8,000 per minute, B.T.H. officials took one look at the screaming apparition, glowing bright red as smoke and flames tore from its rear, and tactfully suggested to the young inventor that he might be more at home in the firm's small abandoned foundry outside Lutterworth. Here the engine blew up more or less regularly. And each time Whittle and his little team started all over again, making a change here, a change there, re-building. In April, 1938, there came the day when the turbine reached 13,000 revolutions per minute and held that for five hours. Then, once again, the blades collapsed under the strain.

Britain Shows Her Metal

No more than an eighth of an inch thick and a couple of inches long, these turbine blades were the key to the problem. They had to revolve at fantastic speeds under temperatures of over 700 degrees centigrade and pressures of over three tons a square inch. No wonder the Air Ministry had been sceptical. But what the Air Ministry and the others forgot was that in a land so variously and richly endowed technically as England, research was for ever pushing out the frontiers of the possible. In 1940, the Mond Nickel laboratories in Birmingham gave Whittle the metal he had asked for —Nimonic 75. And when Whittle raised his demand, British metallurgy was again ready to meet the challenge.

Of the thirty alloy systems that were investigated, some contained as many as ten elements—and the absence or presence of .001 of any of them could make or mar the result. Hundreds of specimens were tested for forgeability, were tested for fatigue under vibration, for "creep" under tremendous heat in batteries of machines yielding readings accurate to one-millionth of an inch.

Thus it came about that at 7.30 p.m. on May 15, 1941, a single-seater Gloster fighter, secretly fitted with Whittle's engine and piloted by Flight Lieutenant P. E. G. Sayer, screamed down the Cranwell runway and took off. Britain had taken its first step into the Jet Age.

The instrument of this sensational leap forward in human power was a thing of almost miraculous simplicity. See it, immobile, cut down in section, and you think of a diagram illustrating a "law" in a junior school physics textbook. No magnetos, no "big ends," no valves, no carburettors, no sparking plugs, no tangles of wire. Just a madly spinning turbine, hell fire, hurtling gases—and, at 500 m.p.h., six times the thrust of a piston engine of the same weight. Unshackle this thing from the bench, point it upwards, and it will rise like a rocket.

An aeroplane thus powered does not have to stand about, warming up. The jet will drink anything from paraffin to diesel oil. To aircraft designers it is equally accommodating. By eliminating propellers demanding high ground clearance, it saves the crippling weight of the big undercarriage. Maintenance, too, becomes easier. But the jet has a terrible thirst. At ground level, and at slower speeds, it wastes its power prodigally, using twice the fuel of the piston engine. But the higher it gets, the faster it moves, the more efficient it becomes. Beyond 35,000 feet and 500 m.p.h., it comes into its flashing kingdom.

Dramatic Decision

To apply such an engine to civil aviation involved a dozen revolutions, posed a hundred urgent questions for which data scarcely existed. Nevertheless, in one of those bold sweeps of insight which occur occasionally in our history, Britain staked her postwar future in the skies upon the jet engine. As the first jet-powered Meteors began to shoot the buzz-bombs out of the sky, a Government committee under Lord Brabazon, pioneer British aviator, met to sketch out the postwar prototypes that would leap boldly ahead into the Jet Age. And while the world was learning to keep pace with the jets, there would be the halfway house of "turbo-props," jet engines harnessed to conventional propellers, making the best of both worlds.

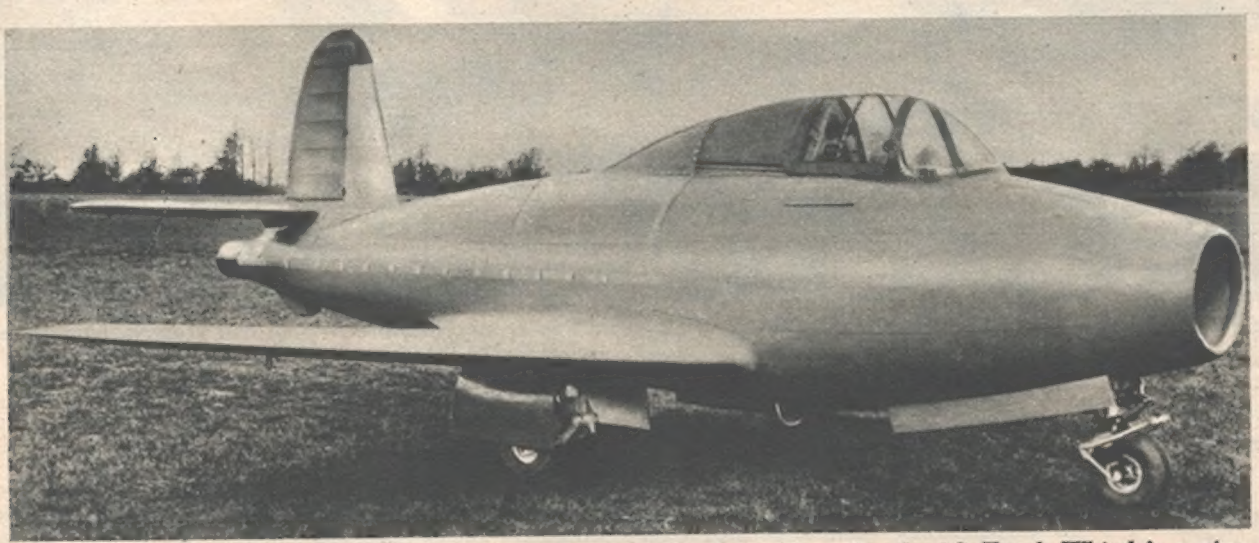
The bill, it was clear, would be immense. The nation pledged itself to foot it, and by 1950 it had become clear that the gamble was going to pay off. While the United States had not got started on a single jet or prop-jet airliner, in Britain a whole range of them was beginning to come off the production lines. Just back from icing tests over the Atlantic cold front, the Vickers Viscount, the world's first turbo-prop airliner, a forty-seater for short or medium ranges, was embarking on a demonstration tour of European capitals.

There was the twenty-four seater Apollo, also preparing to show the flag across Europe; the Brabazon prototype spreading its vast wings across England; the three 140-ton "Princess" flying boats rising on the Isle of Wight. And most spectacular of all, there was the Comet, telescoping Present and Future, flying 200 m.p.h. faster than an airliner had ever done before.

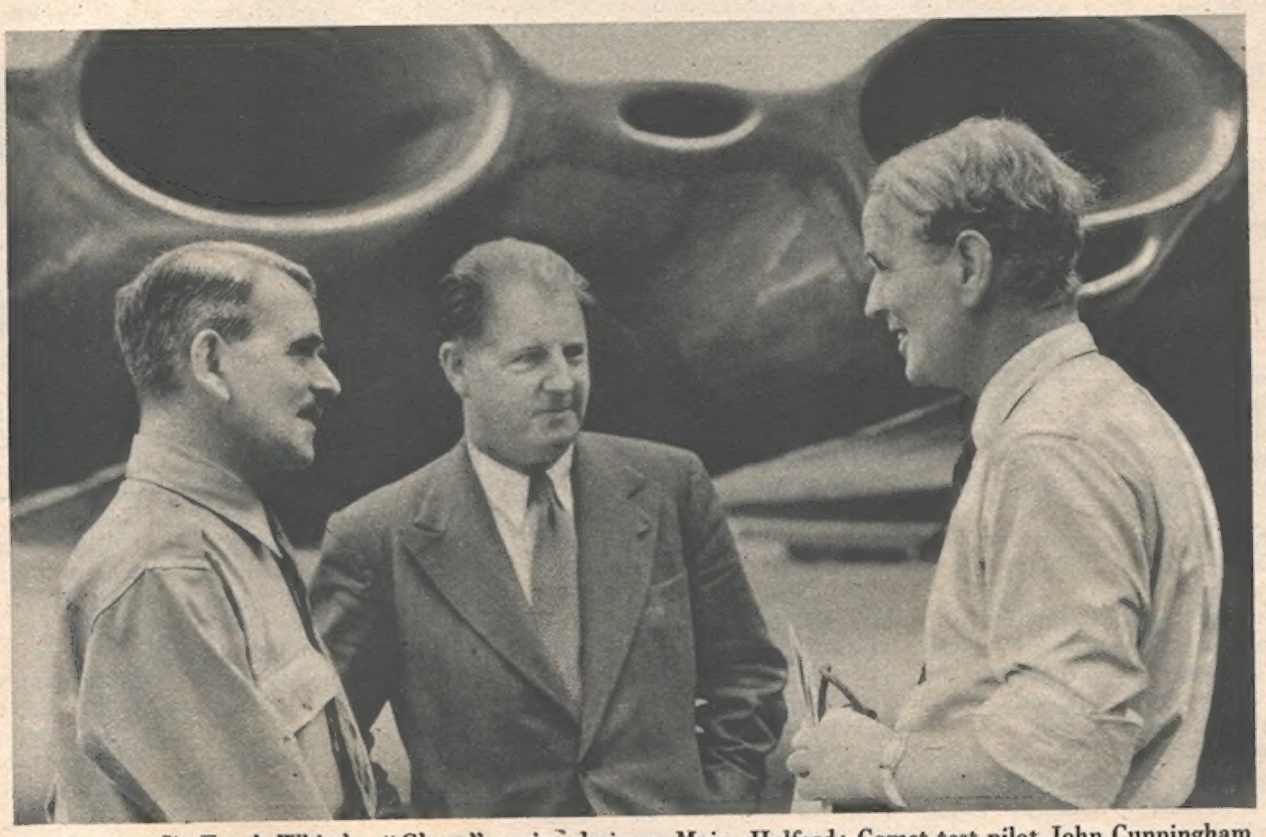
That's The Comet—That Was

Whittle likes to tell how, one morning in late October round 11 a.m., he rang London Airport to ask if the Comet had left, as planned, for Africa. Control told him that it had already arrived there. Before he had recovered from the shock, the phone bell rang again. It was London Airport—reporting that the Comet was back again. Operating on a routine preset schedule, piloted by fair-haired, boyish John Cunningham, ex-R.A.F. night fighter ace, the Comet had done the trip from London to Tripoli and back—nearly 3,000 miles —in little over six and a half hours. The world had shrunk again.

After five months and 150 hours of almost daily test-flying, de Havillands announced some further results. Carrying thirty-six passengers, the Comet would cut the Stratocruiser's London to New York time from eighteen hours to twelve hours westbound, from twelve and a half to nine eastbound. London to Singapore could be done in thirty hours. Instead of three and a half



The "impracticable idea" becomes a reality: Britain's No. 1 jet plane fitted with Frank Whittle's engine



Jet inventor Sir Frank Whittle; "Ghost" engine designer Major Halford; Comet test pilot John Cunningham

days, Australia would now be less than forty hours away.

But speed was not all. This was a new sort of air travel. It was not without reason that the Comet's engines had been called "Ghosts." Fascinated pioneer passengers stood coins on edge for forty minutes at a time. One pilot reported hearing a fly buzzing on his windscreen. Said another: "It is the difference between a softly sprung modern car and its solid-tyred ancestor." When I watched the Comet being checked over a few weeks ago, she had completed nearly 200 hours of test-flying. They have been extraordinarily trouble-free hours. Nevertheless, officials were careful to stress, an enormous amount remained to be done.

Airlines preparing to operate to timetable more than seven miles above the earth were much in the position of Columbus and his crew facing voyages across uncharted "boiling" seas. From time to time test-pilots returned from the stratosphere—once reputed idyllically calm and cloudless—with reports of sudden vertical gusts, of winds of terrific velocity, of temperatures fifty-five to sixty degrees centigrade below zero. Little was known for certain. And for once meteorology—the airline's standby—was at a loss. For some months two B.E.A. Mosquitos have been flying around over Europe at 40,000 feet—the Comet's operating height—systematically gathering data. Now flyers of the Ministry of Supply's Tropical Testing Station at Khartoum—and soon the Comet itself—will carry the exploration further.

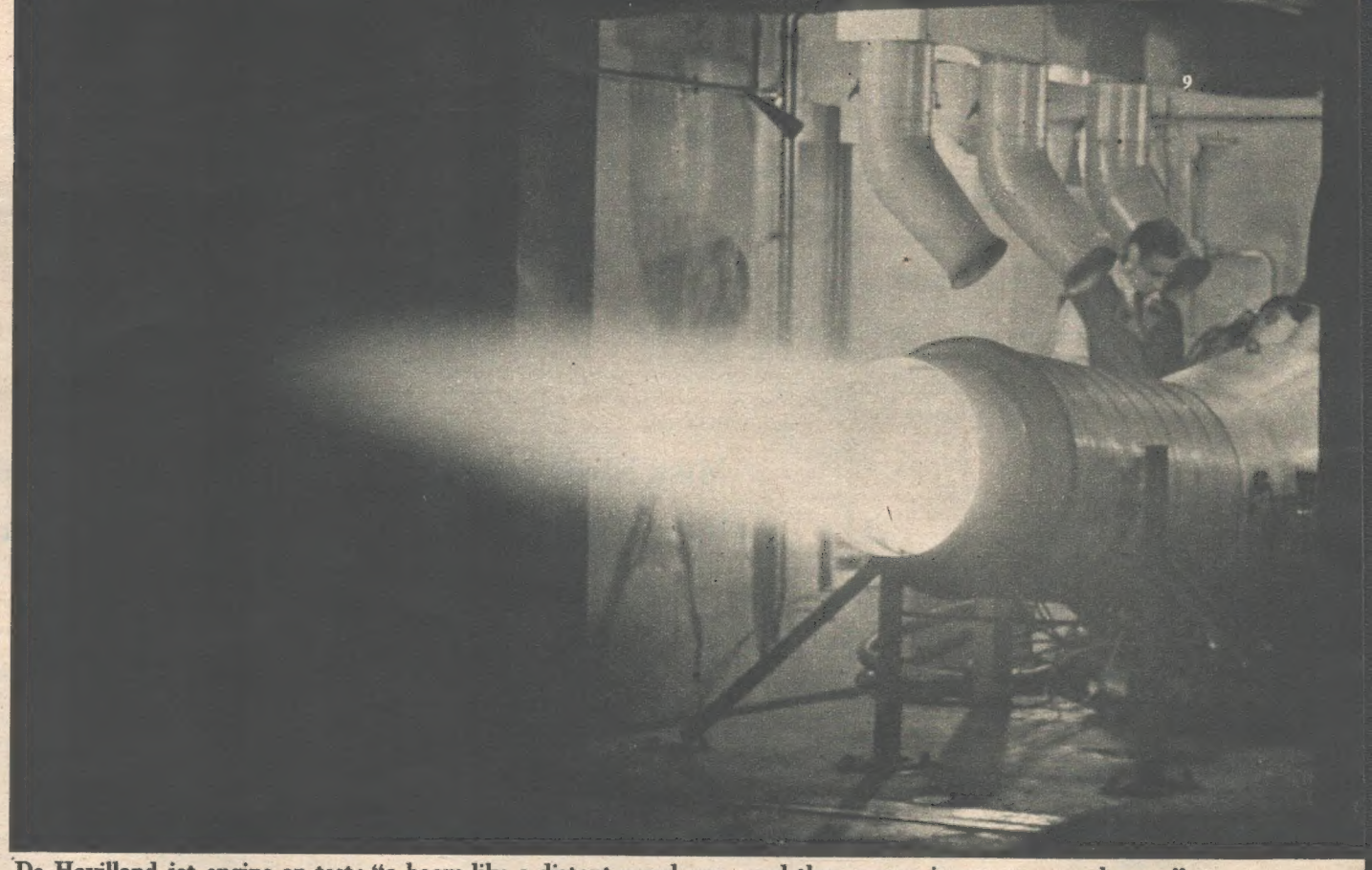
Rocket Take-off

Then, the jet engine brought with it a totally new range of problems. At high airfields in the tropics, take-off may be difficult in the heat of the day. This de Havillands plan to combat by fitting into the Comet's wings two "Sprites"—aptly named—specially designed rocket motors which for twelve vital seconds will shoot out, at 3,500 feet a second, a brown jet of steam-and-oxygen, product of a chemical reaction.

The jet engine's frantic fuel consumption at low altitudes poses many complex problems of operating economics. Will a 100-mile-long glide down cancel out the high cost of a steep climb after take-off? Or will the equation work out better if you level off at intermediate height, wait for power to develop before climbing to the top?

Again, airport procedures are not attuned to such speeds. On a trip to Paris, for instance, the Comet would have to ask for clearance for landing before it had even taken off from London. Worse, drinking fuel so fast, a jet liner must get down at once. It has no reserves to circle around in the airport "stack," patiently waiting its turn. Whittle has made this—perhaps the jet's toughest problem—his own particular worry. As unpaid adviser to B.O.A.C., he is now touring along the routes the Comet may travel, discussing new techniques with airport authorities. They will demand a great extension of radar control, a precision of timing not known before, but, as the Berlin airlift showed, the thing can be done.

The Comet, de Havillands insist, is a strictly commercial proposition. For £450,000—less than the price of a Stratocruiser—they are offering the world's airlines a machine which they claim will cut operating costs by twenty per cent a ton-mile. For, if the Comet uses so much more fuel, it gets there so much more quickly. Because of this, it will get in half as many trips again a year as present aircraft. And maintenance costs—a heavy item—should drop steeply.



De Havilland jet engine on test: "a boom like a distant naval gun—and then, power incarnate, superhuman"

Eighteen Comets are already on the order books. At de Havillands' Hatfield factory the other day I watched five of them rising—ungainly and earthbound yet, but steadily approaching completion. Conceded Edward Wells, vice-president of the Boeing Company that built the U.S. Stratocruiser: "The British are more than competition in jet aircraft. They are alone in the field."

To the Jet Age, Britain holds two keys. The Comet's wings, thin-edged and swept-back, point to the first. As speeds are stepped up, the intricate contest of "lift" against "drag" that started with the Wright brothers becomes all-important. Shape becomes critical. Wings must have writing-paper smoothness. Indentations of no more than .0005 inch over as little as two inches can create critical drag. Even a film of dust can be felt.

Winged Beauty

In the 600-m.p.h. wind tunnel at Farnborough—forward headquarters of Britain's advance in the air—aerodynamists pore over models, photograph air currents as they whip over wing sections, seeking their line of beauty, "laminar flow." If driven to explain this, they talk of a new slippery pack of very thin cards. The lowest card moves along with the wing, each card above slips smoothly over its neighbour while the top card remains at rest and the air above that stays quite undisturbed.

Here, at Farnborough, Higher Mathematics takes the air in such forward-looking research planes as the A.W. 52 Flying Wing, carrying the fight against "drag" to its beautifully logical conclusion by abolishing fuselage and tail altogether.

As speeds leap upwards, a new instrument puts in its appearance on the crowded instrument panels of aircraft—the Mach Meter. It indicates the relationship of the aircraft's speed—varying with altitude—to the speed of sound. It is an ominous instrument. For when—or even before—it shows "1"—the speed of sound (650 m.p.h. at 35,000 feet)—strange things may happen. Aircraft may be buffeted and clawed as if struck by a tornado. Wings are torn off.

Scientists have established that at slower speeds a plane is able to "send a message ahead," giving the air time to arrange itself. At the speed of sound, the warning can't get ahead: the plane drives into a wall. Research has now proved that the onset of this "compressibility" trouble can be delayed to some degree by sweeping back the wings. But the barrier remains formidable.

On a wall in de Havillands' entrance hall is a plaque which bears, in relief, a young man's head. It is Geoffrey de Havilland, test pilot, killed while exploring the sonic speed zone in a D.H. 108—one of the three batlike experimental planes built to gather data for the Comet. Since then, a second D.H. 108 has been seen to disintegrate in the air over Buckinghamshire.

What confronts us here is scarcely less than a second conquest of the air—but Britain's boffins, engineers and designers are quietly confident. Once through the trans-sonic zone, they believe a new world of flight opens up. They talk soberly of "normal" speeds of 1,000 m.p.h., discuss problems of "skin friction" making a plane's metal too hot to touch, of possible perils from cosmic rays, of just what sort of stress the human organism will stand.

But first, the second key to the Jet Age, Whittle's key, will have to be turned again. After the aerodynamists' battle of "lift"-and-"drag," the engineers' contest of "power-against-weight." Already the 850-lb. thrust of Whittle's first engine has become over 6,000 lb. And now at the National Gas Turbine Research Establishment all the resources of British science are mobilized to hold—and lengthen—the lead Frank Whittle gave us.

Fuel of different types is burned in decompression chambers, simulating atmospheric conditions at high altitudes. Aerodynamists work over wind tunnels, seeking the best way to get a roaring airstream round a corner. Engineers attack cooling problems. Smaller, slimmer engines are evolved, offering less frontal resistance, clearing the way for supersonic flight.

In a dozen test-cubicles the jets are being put through their daily paces. Behind a screen of armour-plated glass I watched a test of "Re-heat"—the technique of boosting the engine by firing the left-over oxygen as it hurtles down the exhaust pipe. There was a boom like a distant naval gun, and, as the revolution counter spun, and the scream of the jet rose, a yellow, flame, twenty feet long, stabbed from the exhaust pipe, went roaring by at 1,300 m.p.h., 2,000 degrees centigrade. The needle of the fuel clock raced round crazily . . . 1,200 gallons an hour . . . twenty a minute. . . . The needle on the thrust gauge leapt. It was power superhuman, yet under the control of two or three levers, pressed effortlessly by a human hand. . . .

Where It All Began

A few days before, just outside the little Leicestershire town of Lutterworth I had seen the place where all this began—the grimy little foundry, now a storeroom, where Whittle had built his first engine. You could see where the hole had been made in the wall to let the jet come stabbing through, you could see the scorched and blackened soil. If this had been America, I thought, there would have been signs all along the road: *You are now approaching the birthplace of the Jet Age.* Instead there was just a clutter of huts across a soggy plot.

But a jet engine, perhaps, speaks for itself. For to those huts around the old foundry, turned into a Power Jets School, had come students from every part of the world. Britain, which had taught the world to harness steam, was now leading it into the Jet Age. Watt's steam engine had made Britain in the nineteenth century the workshop of the world. What would Whittle's jet engine make her in the twentieth?

This is the first part of a two-article survey by Harry Hopkins of Britain's jet achievements

Miss Strawberry and

by WILLIAM KRAUSS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Miss Strawberry was a realist. She looked ahead. Her job wouldn't last. The sergeant would. And she'd pocketed her pride before

EVERYBODY SAID HOW SAD it was about Miss Shrewsbury, because she was a lady but destitute. "No lady has any business being destitute," Mr. Rees had once observed, crossly. "It creates an embarrassment for all who know her." She was a little, small-boned, delicate woman with wide-spaced black eyes and a lean, aristocratic nose; her face was hardly lined at all, though she would never see fifty again.

Her naturally pink colouring had led some irreverent wit in the French Legation to nickname her *Mlle Fraise*—Miss Strawberry. The name stuck, it was so ludicrously apt. She was strawberry, decorated by the two black seeds of wide-spaced eyes. Nobody ever had quite the bad taste to use the name to her face, of course. Even if she was forced to work for a living, she was incontestably a lady, though some thought she behaved rather more grandly than her condition warranted.

"Her salary barely pays her rent," people said, "and yet she lives as though she were a dowager duchess."

This was an absurd exaggeration, but it contained a measure of truth. Miss Shrewsbury kept seven cats—an unwarrantable extravagance, when you considered the cost of cream.

Sometimes the bishop came to call, parking his sedan at the bottom of Miss Shrewsbury's stony hillside, climbing afoot to her flimsy box of a bungalow with its always breath-taking view of the great blue West Indian Bay.

On such occasions she compounded with particular care an expensive brandy cocktail; and sometimes — though not as often as the gossips believed—there were *canapés* of American caviare.

If it happened that the night was windless and touched with the melancholy of far stars, Miss Shrewsbury might insist that the bishop (or some other guest) stay on for dinner. That was more expense. She would sit too rigidly in her chair and say brittle things about world affairs or the novels of Henry James; or she would tell some whimsical anecdote about her cats.

"Cats," she would sometimes say, "are so very much like people." And, after a pause, with a very faint trill of high laughter, "Don't you think so?"

The bishop, or any other guest mellowed by brandy and caviare, would usually agree sleepily, for Miss Shrewsbury liked to keep her guests till a late hour.

Then in the morning at the United States Embassy, where Miss Shrewsbury worked as a stenographer, she would be red-eyed and somewhat befuddled. Mr. Rees, of Boston, the young First Secretary of Embassy, would shake his head and say to Mr. Pryce, of Richmond, the young Second Secretary of Embassy, "Old Strawberry's just half awake. Been up all night, I suppose, with her cats and caviare and her bishop. I don't know. It's damned awkward. I suppose sooner or later she'll have to be mentioned to the ambassador; it's time we let her go." And he shrug his shoulders a little to indicate that he was really sorry for the old girl, but after all there was the matter of efficiency to consider, wasn't there?

Nobody knew, because nobody but the bishop knew her well, that Miss Shrewsbury indulged herself in late hours and other little excesses because she was usually lonely and always afraid. The bishop didn't really know, because he was a very good man and would have been astonished to think that anyone who had the consolation of religion could be afraid of anything.

But Miss Shrewsbury was afraid. She was afraid of the calendar, which said she was fifty-two years old. She was afraid of the great and anonymous Department of State of the

"I thought you might like it," he said. "I've got no place to keep it." She stared at him. The sergeant was embarrassed. He wanted to run away

the Sergeant

She returned his stare with composure. "Let us not fence, Mr. Rees"

United States of America, which would one day—how soon?—cease to require her services. She was afraid of the street she would have to walk down on that day when the cover would go on her typewriter for the last time.

Other people—the filing and mailing clerks, for instance, and Sergeant Forster, the embassy watchman — read the handwriting on Miss Shrewsbury's wall, and naturally everybody agreed it was a shame she would not be entitled to a pension. No lump of severance pay; no pension—because Miss Shrewsbury was, like any Turk or Hottentot, a foreigner. Miss Shrewsbury was British. For the British there are no United States pensions, as even the bishop was probably aware.

The bishop called regularly on Miss Shrewsbury in the tiny, flowered bungalow she rented high above the bay in this sunny republic on the Caribbean rim. A few other people, when they could think of nothing else to do, would say, "Let's run up and see Miss Strawberry and her cats." But they never stayed long, and the visits were awkwardly formal. Miss Shrewsbury was hospitable but aloof; she knew they didn't really like her and only called out of pity and a sense of duty.

Except for the bishop, she had only one regular visitor. The embassy's Sergeant Forster called once each week — and he hardly counted because he came only to bring water. The public water supply was not regarded as trustworthy by members of the diplomatic community. On the embassy property was a fine artesian well; and it was one of Sergeant Forster's duties to deliver each week a large drum of water to each member of the staff.

Every Friday evening the sergeant —United States Marine Corps, retired —climbed out of the embassy van, whose cab was too small for his big frame, and brought her drum of water to Miss Shrewsbury's door. Forster had done his stint during the first World War, but he still kept his imposing military bearing. He was straight as a tall pine, with crossbar shoulders and a thatch of fine white hair.

The sergeant was always uncomfortable in Miss Shrewsbury's presence and awed by her reputation as a lady, however poor. Like everyone else, he knew a little of her history. He'd heard how her father, an English clergyman of great learning and gentility, had come to the island in retirement to escape the rigours of northern winters; and how, though frail, he had lived to the age of eighty-three, waited on hand and foot by his only daughter.

The old man left no money, and Miss Shrewsbury — twenty-seven at the time of his death—had pocketed her dignity and taken a job as stenographer in the embassy. She had always had it in mind that one day she would return to England, but somehow she'd just stayed on for twenty-five years.

All this Sergeant Forster knew about Miss Shrewsbury and — if he dealt in such terms—he would have called it a very pathetic story. Miss Shrewsbury was uncomfortable with the sergeant, too, though she couldn't have said why. He always approached her as though he were about to salute; and his wariness was a reminder that men were always rather wary with her. She also knew that he was not fond of cats; not that he said so—he simply looked at whichever of her seven happened to be frisking about when he brought the water, and the look said plainly that the sergeant had no use for cats.

But every Friday, Miss Shrewsbury and Sergeant Forster went through a stiff little ritual.

"Good evening, ma'am."

"Good evening, Sergeant Forster."

"I've brought you the water, ma'am."

"Thank you very much, Sergeant."

When the water drum was safely stowed, the sergeant would touch his cap and hurry away.

The crisis for Miss Shrewsbury at the embassy arrived sooner than anyone had expected. Into a note to the Foreign Office she slipped a really grievous error. It went unnoticed by Mr. Rees and by the Ambassador himself and led to painfully strained relations between the United States and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the island republic.

Everything was straightened out, of course, but not without great embarrassment to Mr. Rees and Mr. Pryce, the under-secretaries. They told each other that this error was the last straw and that Miss Shrewsbury would have to go; they agreed that someone would have to tell her she was fired. What they couldn't agree on was who would do the telling. When it came right down to cases, neither Mr. Rees nor Mr. Pryce much fancied being the one to tell the old girl that the axe was falling.

But they didn't need to tell her. Miss Shrewsbury knew that her days of employment were numbered. She dragged herself up the hill each afternoon when the embassy closed and sat staring out over the bay. Her work went from bad to worse; her typing errors increased, and her pages were scarred and unattractive. Even her personal appearance lost its old neatness; her hair became actually quite disordered.

She began to neglect her cats. Almost automatically she fed them and caressed them, but sometimes she forgot to close them in their pen at night. They wandered wherever they chose, fascinated by a new liberty. The fiery Valverde family next door may have been right in their spirited assertion that Miss Shrewsbury's cats had snatched up and devoured a Valverde chicken. In any case, it can't be doubted that the cats did roam.

On a night in the very week of the bungled Foreign Office note, Señor Valverde put out poison. He used an old Spanish formula handed down by his grandfather. Cats are very clever about poisoned food, but Miss Shrewsbury's seven were not up to the Valverde formula, and they died horribly at sunrise all over Miss Shrewsbury's veranda.

At the embassy a few hours later, Mr. Pryce said rather apologetically, "I suppose Miss Strawberry must be sick."

"She might have managed to send us some word," Mr. Rees snapped.

"How? She hasn't a phone."

"Oh, damn! Look. Everybody knows Miss Strawberry's on borrowed time, but that doesn't mean she can let us down when we're in a jam. There's Follin's annual economic survey waiting for typing, and Towle's long-winded report on internal transportation. Ninety-seven pages, that runs——"

"I'll send Forster up in the truck to see what goes on," Mr. Pryce said.

"Do. Tell him to shake a leg."

And a few minutes later, the sergeant was driving up the hill to Miss Shrewsbury's. He parked the truck and climbed the path under the flame trees. The gate was open and he went in. It was possible, he thought, that she was still sleeping, or just getting up, because of some fault in her alarm clock. He certainly did not want to walk in on some unthinkable morning privacy. So as he mounted the dozen tiled steps to the tiled veranda, he called her name. "Miss Shrewsbury!" he called as loud as was consistent with dignity. "It's Sergeant Forster."

Then he saw the cats.

They were dead. Sergeant Forster had, in his sixty-one years, seen enough of death to know that the cats had died violently. Poisoned, he supposed. By whom? Where was Miss Shrewsbury?

He called her name again; then something, some sound, caused him to turn his head. He saw her in a deep, low chair in the far corner of the veranda, half hidden by trumpet flower vines. Although he was terribly ill at lease, he felt a rush of pity at the sight of Miss Shrewsbury. She was crouched like an animal, a creature in terror. Her face showed clay-white in the hard light of morning. Her hair was awry and she was crying in wet, helpless sobs.

It was a situation which the sergeant, a bachelor, had never been called upon to face. His first idea —in fact, his only idea—was to get her a drink. Her cats had died in some ugly way, and naturally she needed a nip to boost her. Against the veranda wall stood a table holding a bottle and glasses. The sergeant poured a stiff drink and carried it to her.

"Swallow it," he said.

He wasn't sure that she saw him, though she looked at him. But she accepted the glass from his hand, tilted it and shuddered.

"What happened?" Sergeant Forster asked. "Do you want me to get a doctor or the police?"

She continued to look at him and after a while shook her head. "No."

"What happened to the cats?"

"Somebody poisoned them."

She looked very small and fragile and afraid, and again the sergeant felt a wave of sympathy for her. She was alone. The sergeant saw that she wasn't just being silly about a lot of dead, inconsequential cats. He suddenly understood that the thing went much deeper than that. A man could feel strongly about a dog or a horse; maybe cats could mean as much to a woman. These animals had been her friends. Her only friends? He supposed they'd waited for her on the steps in the afternoon when she came home from the embassy, sick of the sound of her typewriter and the bossy voice of that darned fool Rees.

"I'll tell 'em at the embassy you're sick," the sergeant said. "Have you got a pick and shovel?"

Miss Shrewsbury shook her head.

"Well, I'll get a pick and shovel. I'll be back soon. We'll have to bury them, you know."

"Yes," she said tonelessly. . . .

At the embassy the sergeant reported to Mr. Rees that Miss Shrewsbury was unwell, that it was nothing serious—she'd probably be in tomorrow. Then he borrowed a pick and shovel from the gardener and drove up the hill again. Miss Shrewsbury had not moved from her chair. The sergeant collected the cats in a basket and took them behind the house. Miss Shrewsbury stayed on the veranda while he buried them. He piled a few large rocks on the grave to keep stray dogs from digging into it; then he went around to the veranda again. Miss Shrewsbury was dry-eyed now, sitting rather stiffly in her chair.

"Is there anything more I can do?" the sergeant asked.

"Thank you very much. No."

But there was something he could do and on the way down the hill he thought of it. Somewhere he would find a cat, at least one cat, and take it to Miss Shrewsbury. Being such a lady, she might not want to take a gift from a tough old marine who was only a servant at the embassy. But all in a rush the sergeant made up his mind to do it.

"What the hell!" he said. "The poor woman."

About five o'clock the sergeant

Continued on page 20

Pogson tracks an underground stream. Gadget used is a wire motorscope

Water diviner's challenge

by DENNIS HOLMAN

In India he was called a god; here he was once nearly bundled off to an asylum. He insists that his method would beat our drought problem

"IF THE SUMMER OF 1950 is as dry as the last," says Major C. A. Pogson, "we are going to be faced with a pretty serious water shortage. And it won't be just a question of not using garden hoses or washing cars. . . ."

Major Pogson is pessimistic about England's water supply. He has been predicting drought for two years, and soon, he believes, we will be facing a famine. But as a prophet he is one without honour in his own country.

Not so long ago he was out looking for water and managed to divine a stream running twenty feet under a field. When Pogson finds underground water he calculates the quantity by walking round and round a point above the stream, counting the revolutions of his divining instrument. On occasions he has made as many as 500 rounds.

But this time two white-clad nurses arrived in the field to pick him up. A lunatic was at large and a passer-by, spotting Pogson behaving, as he thought, oddly, had telephoned the asylum. "You're not lost, old man," one of the nurses told Pogson. "We've come to take you home."

How different from the way he used to be treated in India twenty years ago! Then Pogson was the talk of the clubs and cantonments, and the native villagers garlanded him with flowers, bringing offerings of fruit, vegetables and chickens. They thought he was a god, a sort of a Government god. He was in fact official water diviner to the Government of Bombay.

He had learned divining from his father-in-law, an architect and well known in Southern India as a successful dowser. But the pupil was soon more famous than his teacher, and ultimately news of his prowess reached the Governor of Bombay.

Pogson was invited to submit to a two months' test—that of finding water in areas believed to be entirely deficient of water supplies, since normal methods of prospecting had failed. He passed the test. An appointment was created, financed from the Famine Relief Fund to the extent of Rs.46,000 a year for three years, and Pogson confirmed in it. His tenure of appointment was twice extended. He retired in 1930.

The job consisted of going from village to village in dry areas, selecting sites for farmers who wanted to sink wells. The Government guaranteed his success to the extent that if water was not struck in a site pointed out by him a farmer would be recompensed fifty per cent of his expenses.

Wells Named After Him

People still remember Major Pogson in India. In Madras and Matheran, wells he found are named after him. "I must have carried out some 600 projects for the Bombay Presidency," he tells. "My services were also loaned out to mills, factories, town waterworks, schools, clubs and many private individuals. In the early days some failures were noticeable, but with more experience I managed to attain ninety-seven per cent success."

These figures he verified from printed Bombay Government reports in his possession. He says that when he sailed for England in 1931 he left behind 1,700 demands for his services.

In Hove, Pogson set up in private practice as a "consulting specialist for underground water supplies." Breweries and laundries employed him occasionally. But recognition and assignments came rarely.

"Last spring I saw the danger signals of approaching drought," he says. "I tried to warn authorities of our dwindling water supply." Personally he wrote hundreds of letters of warning to waterworks and local authorities, advising them to tap permanent underground sources of supply and offering to find the water himself. All politely refused his offers.

When he read that, on account of the failure of the rains in Spain, fresh water was being shipped to Gibraltar, Pogson wrote to the Colonial Office. There, too, he drew a blank.

"There might be millions of gallons a day to be tapped under the rock," he complains. "They could at least have let me try to find it. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are being spent on geological surveys. This work could be done by diviners more quickly and more accurately for a fraction of the cost."

In spite of his record as a diviner, Pogson's name remains unknown in England and his feats unpublished. This he ascribes to the sceptical and unsympathetic attitude of British geologists.

Claims Are Doubted

I. Ineson, of the Geological Survey and Museum, explained why. "There is no apparent scientific justification for diviners' claims," he said. "And their achievements don't warrant our resorting to divination in preference to methods based on the accepted principles of hydrogeology."

These methods have proved to be reasonably satisfactory, particularly during the war when the Survey was required to prospect intensively for water by various Service departments. For the Air Ministry they found thirty-eight million gallons a day out of 200 bores, with only one per cent failure. For the Ministry of Works it was fifty million gallons a day out of 400 bores; water was *not* found in only three places.

The Metropolitan Water Board only acts on the advice of leading geologists and, according to the British Waterworks Association, so do all the large water undertakings.

But who could work in closer association with water diviners than the well borers? I approached two well-known London firms. One manager was positive that divination was mumbo-jumbo.

The second seemed quieter, more reasonable. "I've been forty years in the business and I've met a lot of diviners," he said. "There is far too much evidence of dowsing power for the faculty to be dismissed as mumbo-jumbo. But diviners don't always lead you to water. One of my engineers was once wading through the ooze in the Thames Estuary when he lost one of his rubber boots. There seemed no hope of finding it. But his companion took a piece of copper wire out of his pocket, touched the sole of the other boot and, after walking around for a bit, actually found the lost boot. On another project we lost touch with an underground pipe line. A diviner picked it up with a divining rod, but there was no water in it. If diviners were reliable their gift would be one of the greatest assets to the geologist. But diviners are not reliable. During the war they had their chance of doing a really big job. They didn't. Throughout the Middle East campaign they had barely two per cent success."

In America the diviner has been tested elaborately under all possible conditions, but the conclusions of the U.S. Geological Survey Department couldn't throw more discredit on the whole business of water, mineral and oil divining. Their advice is that no money should be spent on "water witchers," on any projects they advise or on so-called divining appliances.

No Better Than Guessing

Detailed results of tests on the seventy-five New Zealand diviners have just been published by the British Waterworks Association. Reporting them, Dr. P. A. Ongley says: ". . . in no type of test did any diviner show any reliability whatsoever. Wherever it was possible to calculate the probable score from guesswork, the diviners averaged just that score; where this could not be calculated the results were so ludicrous as not to need any interpretation."

Pogson ascribes two reasons for the failure of diviners in tests and demonstrations. "First," he says, "there are very few reputable diviners in this country that I would trust to carry out a major project."

Colonel A. H. Bell endorses this view. Colonel Bell is president of the British Society of Dowsers. "Our membership exceeds 500," he says. "Most of these are professed dowsers. But few of them are successful."

"Next," continues Pogson, "there's the artificiality of so-called tests. Without exception they are carried out over glasses of water, drains, reservoirs, where in each case somebody knows the answer. There is only one way of carrying out a test. Let the orthodox experts select an area they believe to be without water. Then let a few reputable diviners examine the area. If there is water the diviners will tell them where to dig, how deep and how much will be found."

According to Colonel Bell, the dowsing faculty can be acquired. Unable to dowse himself, Bell believes that eighty out of a hundred humans

(*Continued on page* 29)

Showgirl on skates

by DON EVERITT

On the whole, touring the world in an ice show is a fairy-tale life, although there *are* occasional unhappy landings and embarrassments

Barbara Howe skating on her home town rink. Show routines are easy. Hardest job is remembering to pose

A FEW WEEKS AGO, Barbara Howe, a twenty-one year old, blue-eyed blonde, with an expensive taste in dress, boarded a first-class compartment of a train in London, practically broke. This was surprising considering that in the past six months she had earned £750, that she was going on a fortnight's holiday and that she was afterwards to return to her £25-a-week job.

This financial embarrassment caused by currency restrictions every time she comes home is, to Barbara, the only disappointing feature of an otherwise fairy-tale existence in an international ice show. Barely three years ago she was a contented secretary in a Nottingham office with no bigger ideas about skating than just gliding and dancing around the local rink. Her entry on to professional ice illustrates the strange position of ice-skaters in show business.

As Lavish As Ballet

The variety show on skates was born about twelve years ago, the first and only sport put on the stage as a complete performance. It was an immediate hit. Though the war cramped its style, it has rapidly progressed from an amateurish production starring a few experts to a spectacle as lavish and as large as any ballet. A little caustically, the technically-minded say that there the comparison ends—"they grew up in such a hurry, these show skaters, that they forgot about quality."

But the ice shows have been in an odd position. Unlike all other branches of the theatre, they have not had a continual stream of tutored, would-be performers at the stage door. There are no skating schools or academies. The producers have even had to go to the rinks and *ask* girls with no more qualifications than good looks and a knowledge of skating fundamentals if they would like to join the show.

Barbara Howe and her sister, Pamela, first went skating as a couple of gawky kids of ten and twelve when the Nottingham rink opened just before the war. Mrs. Howe recalls that, when her daughters sobbed their way out of evacuation with their school in September, 1939, she thankfully despatched them to the rink most days during the next few months. In 1940 the rink became a Supply Ministry depot. By the time it reopened in September, 1946, Barbara was almost back where she started. She picked up the hobby again with a fanatical burst of enthusiasm, spending most evenings at the rink and taking dancing and figure-skating tuition.

One night, seven weeks after the rink's reopening, a stranger approached her during a break in the session. He introduced himself as a representative of Tom Arnold's productions and asked if she would like a £8-a-week job in an ice show. After a moment's speechlessness, Barbara stammered that she certainly would. She signed a contract on the spot. Within a few days she was heading south for rehearsals.

In London she set about getting used to her new position as the greenest of the *Ice Follies* line girls (skating's counterpart of the chorus girls). She did not find it easy. "I was shy and quiet and I often felt homesick. But the girls were very nice to me and I soon got over it." Barbara had little difficulty in learning the half a dozen routines in which she was to take part. "They're all worked to numbers, so you don't need much of a memory. The main thing I had to remember was the theatrical technique—keeping my head high and posing my body."

On The Way To The Top

At Christmas, 1946, the show opened in Edinburgh. Barbara recalls that, with so much company on the ice, she did not feel as nervous that first night as she was to months later over her first solo. For a year the show toured the country and Barbara, practising and working hard, twice improved her grading in the line.

When she quit the show, early in 1948, after it had visited Belgium, she was earning £12 a week. Her resignation followed her acceptance of an offer from the *Ice Follies* star, Armand Perren, who was leaving to start a show of his own. He promised her quartet and pair work, maybe solos—and more cash. And there was the additional lure of touring the world. Eight weeks later, Perren's *Ice Follies* opened in Zürich. It toured Switzerland, then Belgium. After three weeks' respite in November, 1948 (during which Barbara got home), it went through Denmark, Sweden and Holland, had another fortnight's holiday, then hit the road to Rome. Barbara returned from Italy on February 18. Ten days later she sailed with the show on the *Stratheden* for an Australian and New Zealand tour. When they come home next winter, they may take the ice at places en route.

Since joining Perren, Barbara has more than doubled her salary and attained the rank of principal. Though her working day is not long now, it has taken plenty of effort to get a place in the billing second only to the stars. Three or four hours' practice and understudying every day, she says, were tough both on the energy and the flesh. There was only one way to learn those spectacular lifts, spins and jumps—the hard way. "You take quite a few falls before you can perfect a thing like the aeroplane spin, in which your male partner spins round holding you by a leg and arm. And the ice is just as hard as you think."

Work Ends At Midnight

Today, having reached a temporary halt in her self-improvement programme, Barbara contents herself with four hours' practice a week and devotes most of the daytime to sightseeing. On the Continent, with shows starting much later than here, work has usually begun around 9 p.m. During the three-hour show, Barbara makes five appearances of about ten minutes each. Two of them are solo routines, the rest pairs or quartets. The job is fatiguing but it is not the skating itself which tires Barbara out—"I could be on ice all day, but clomping around on skates off the ice between numbers soon

gets me down." Performers are forbidden to eat, drink, smoke or sit down in costumes—cleaning costs are high enough.

Ice show audiences are generally kindly people. A fall on the ice, Barbara says, usually gets a burst of laughter followed by a round of applause when the skater gets up. "But if you fall in a quartet or a pair or a solo there's a murmur of sympathy and they'll give you three times more applause than usual at the end. Perhaps a fall makes it look more difficult."

Tripping Over A Feather

Unfortunately, a certain number of falls are unavoidable. The performer's main threat comes from loose buttons, sequins, hair grips and feathers on the ice. Although watch is kept constantly from the wings and on the ice for these miniature menaces, some always get by. When they freeze on the surface, someone is heading for an unrehearsed dive. Barbara's worst accident occurred when her male partner's skate hit a hair grip while he was carrying her. He skidded uncontrollably, dropped her, and one of her skates dug into the back of her leg. The wound needed five stitches and put her out of the show for five weeks.

Oddly enough, it is not the skater's rear but his front which suffers mostly from falls. There are usually two or three people in the show with a bruise, a graze or a cut on a knee or the chin. Strained muscles are too common even to mention.

Barbara has only once left the ice other than via the wings. That was at a small theatre in Liège, where the five-by-ten-yard ice tank had to be reduced in size and Barbara, forgetting this, overshot into the orchestra pit and the arms of a violinist. A fall which she recalls as the most uncomfortable happened in Denmark. While travelling at speed and keeping her head high in one routine, she and another girl got their skates momentarily locked. Barbara fell flat on her stomach and skimmed through a layer of freezing water left on the ice from a comedy turn earlier in the show.

Barbara also has two very good reasons for remembering that her costumes are another constant menace to the show skater: once a draught from the wings blew a long, hooped dress on to her skates and brought her down, and on another occasion she almost did a somersault when she kicked over-zealously in a can-can number and caught her skate in the frills.

Finished In Her Panties

But the darkest moment in Barbara's career so far was a fall of a very different kind on the first night of a straight number introduced some months ago. "I hadn't been on the ice more than a few seconds when I felt the fastener go on my skirt. I hastily did it up, but it kept coming undone. A chap in the audience started to shout: 'Let it fall off.' Eventually it did. I finished the number in my panties."

Barbara says that working abroad has its minor inconveniences—such as the hordes of stage-door johnnies always present in Italy. More troublesome was the regulation which required her to limit her stay to four months. To get round this she had to make a two-hour train journey to Switzerland, walk around just over the border for ten minutes and then she could return. On her present tour she has solved the problem of insolvency when she returns home by having part of her pay deposited here. (On the Continent that was impossible and no one is allowed to bring more than £5 back to Britain.)

The *Ice Follies* company consists of fifty skaters of about ten nationalities, stage manager, three engineers and two hands. Unlike the real thing, Barbara says members of this U.N.O. get on surprisingly well together. She estimates that about twenty-five of the skating faces are continually changing. "Some girls and boys only stay with us in their own country, others get homesick, married, fed up—there are a dozen reasons."

This means that new skaters are being sought constantly. They are required to be about five feet five inches tall (boys no less than five feet eight), well-proportioned and good-looking, have reasonably good "edges" and a knowledge of the fundamentals of figure skating. A good or bad edge is the difference between a good and a bad skater. Barbara explains: "If you look down the blade of a skate from one end, you'll see that it's not flat but concave. This gives two edges, an inside and an outside. In figure skating, perfection depends on your balance and security on each edge."

Study In Still Life

A most popular story about beginners concerns the startling beauty who was contracted strictly on face value by an enthusiastic director of one show as she was leaving an ice rink. When she appeared for rehearsals she donned her skates and picked her way gingerly out on the ice. The producer eyed her approvingly and then said: "Right, young lady, let's see what you can do."

"I'm doing it," she said, standing still. It is recalled that she eventually became a proficient line girl.

Barbara works under a six-month contract. She fends for herself on the road, sharing a hotel room or, occasionally, a flat with her girl friend. She has to buy her own boots and skates and must always have two sets. Travelling expenses are paid by the show. She admits to an incurable laziness over learning languages. "I just get as far as ordering meals and then stop. If I want to buy something I get one of the more linguistic girls to go shopping with me."

With theatres open seven days a week on the Continent, tours there are non-stop. Immediately the curtain falls on the last show in a town, the back-stage men start breaking up the ice with picks and packing the portable tank, scenery and costumes. In the early hours of the morning, five loaded lorries take the road. As most stages slope towards the footlights, the first job at the next theatre is to timber up the stage horizontal. Framed with planks and covered with tarpaulin, the "tank" is ready for the grid of freezing pipes. A water test follows and, after all the leaks have been stopped, the grid is covered with crushed ice to save freezing time. When this is solid, spraying with water starts to thicken the ice.

All too often, Barbara says, the curtain goes up before the engineers have had time to perfect their job. "It makes things a bit ticklish. You skate on a thin, bumpy mixture of ice, grit from the scenery and the freezing pipes." On one occasion, when crushed ice was unavailable and the engineers experimented with gravel, Barbara recalls that pebbles kept rising to the surface all through the first night.

The *Ice Follies* consists of character numbers (such as a Norwegian folk dance), free-style skating, comedy, barrel-jumping, badminton on skates and chorus routines. Never having toured the same ground twice, the show has altered little since it was formed. Occasionally, a management to whom the show has been sold in a particular country will ask for slight adjustments. Not always does the troupe feel inclined to accept them. In Italy, for instance, the girls were brought costumes just about the limit in brevity and told to wear them in one number. "We refused loud and spontaneously," says Barbara. "After a heck of a row we eventually compromised. They bought several yards of frilling and sewed that on until we were satisfied."

Always A Crazy Night

It is a tradition in the ice show world that the last night in a town is always burlesque. On these occasions, the performers go crazy. Girls wear the wrong costumes; in the middle of a ballet a man skates in shaving; during a spectacular solo someone skates in with a pail and brush, gets down and scrubs the ice. All through one last night Barbara kept having an outsize carrot thrust into her hand.

With the exceptions just mentioned and of a part she once had as an old lady, Barbara's appearances and costumes have always showed her attractiveness to advantage. But she has grave doubts about the future. While holidaying before sailing to Australia, she received a wire from her boss: "Can you find male skater to replace B——?" She was unable to do so.

"They've been trying to get me to take one of B——'s parts for a long time. Now it looks as if I've had it, unless they can find someone in Australia." The part in question is one half of a bull in a comedy act. THE END

STOLEN JOURNEY

The most exciting personal escape story of the war starts exclusively in John Bull next week

"I suddenly felt my head clear as the cool air flowed in. Mike had broken the tunnel. Now, as my imagination leapt ahead to the operation of getting out of it, I could only think of the searchlights, the sentries and the cracking noise of shots. I almost wanted to pat the tunnel—as an old dog for which I had an affection. It was safe, homely; no longer enemy, but friend. I wanted to lie prone in it forever. . . ."

This is an extract from *Stolen Journey*, the most fascinating personal chronicle of escape ever written, which will be serialized exclusively in JOHN BULL next week—in advance of book publication.

The author: Oliver Philpot, M.C., D.F.C.

The author, Oliver Philpot, tells how he broke out from Stalag Luft III, Germany, in the now famous Wooden Horse tunnel escape. With him were two other R.A.F. p.o.w.s—Eric Williams and Michael Codner — and millions have already thrilled to their adventures in Williams's best-seller, *The Wooden Horse*, the film version of which will shortly be released.

Besides brilliantly amplifying the Wooden Horse episode, *Stolen Journey*—the full story of Oliver Philpot, the third man in the tunnel escapade, the man who preferred to travel alone and reached freedom ahead of the others—stands out on its own merits as a remarkable true story of human heroism and persistence.

It gives a frank and detailed picture of how our p.o.w.s lived. From the moment Philpot's bomber plane crashes into the North Sea, you feel yourself the companion and confidant of the author in his adventures. You learn what captivity really means; you feel the author's seething rebellion as he digs and sweats in the dank, narrow, almost coffin-like tunnel under the wooden vaulting horse; you live every tense moment when, disguised as a Norwegian business man, he makes his dangerous dash across Germany — until, finally, and literally within a few inches of recapture, he breaks through the heavily guarded port of Danzig to stow aboard a ship to Sweden and freedom. Make sure you read the first long instalment of . . .

STOLEN JOURNEY ***in John Bull next week.***

To avoid disappointment, order your copy now

Moth farmers Claude and Pamela Rivers. Luck plays a big part in their business—and mostly it goes to Pamela

Glamour world of moths

by IAN BEVAN

Some hunt them with a net, some with a cheque book. Exotic, elusive, the rarest specimens will drive collectors to fraud—or even to robbery

MOST HOUSEWIVES spend their lives waging an unrelenting and often unrewarding battle against moths, but Mrs. Pamela Rivers, of Dartford, Kent, positively encourages them, and fills her house with delicacies to please their fastidious tastes. A large part of her waking day is spent attending to their wants. Indeed, if her house were free of them she would be bitterly unhappy, and she would like to see at least a dozen moths in every home in the land.

With her twenty-four year old husband, Claude Rivers, she is co-proprietor of a farm where they breed moths for sale to zoologists, scientists and private collectors. But not for her the common types of house or scavenger moths which play havoc with our winter woollies.

The Rivers' farm specializes in exotic tropical specimens which go by such names as Giant Peacock, Golden Emperor and Indian Moon, and may measure anything up to a foot from wing tip to wing tip.

These are the sort of glamorous insects which many people, including Winston Churchill and the Duke of Sutherland, like to have fluttering in their gardens. They buy cocoons for about 2s. each, place them on trees and plants in spring, and wait for the moths to emerge in summer.

Some Have Made A Fortune

Large-scale breeding of tropical months is something new for England, but home and Continental varieties have been reared commercially for years, and dead specimens have been sold at auction rooms near Covent Garden for more than a century. Moths and their day-time confreres, butterflies, are, in fact, big business and have placed at least one breeder in the surtax bracket.

High prices are paid for rare specimens. H. D. Bessemer, a grandson of the steel magnate, recently paid £41 at an auction for a unique snow-white Dark Green Fritillary with lilac and bronze tints, captured in County Tyrone. At the same sale he paid £38 for a Painted Lady which had white instead of the normal black markings.

Both these were freaks of nature, caught in the open country, but freaks artificially created by cross-breeding can also bring high prices. Breeders used to palm off some of their creations as "natural" and make the prices higher still. One of the most famous breeders of the last century carried on this little racket in the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral, and even today field collectors are often accused by rivals of having bred their rarest captures in their own back yards.

Scandals frequently rock the moth and butterfly world—a tightly knit community in which one man's faults and foibles are soon known to everyone else. Ardent collectors, carried away by their passion, have robbed museums. Forgers have used vegetable dyes to paint unusual marking on everyday specimens. Almost every known form of fraud has been adapted at one time or another by lepidopterists (the fancy name for moth and butterfly collectors) to their own peculiar needs.

Perhaps for this reason, collectors are generally reticent about their hobby. A Press photographer who attended the last public auction of moths and butterflies was twice threatened with legal action by well-known men if he snapped them.

The butterfly collector is almost invariably portrayed in novels and on the stage as a benign, white-haired, elderly gentleman, verging towards plumpness, well versed in the Latin names of insects but lacking in worldly wisdom and quite unaware of the existence of sin. This portrait of a lepidopterist as a benevolent innocent was so widely accepted that the Germans adopted it as one of their most common disguises for spies and saboteurs in both world wars.

The counter measures taken against anyone seen carrying a white muslin net near a military installation did something to disillusion the public. The late L. W. Newman, one of Britain's best-known collectors was arrested when he went chasing rare moths near Balcombe Tunnel in the first World War, and his ordeal is discussed with horror among collectors to this day.

His son, L. Hugh Newman, has become the dominant figure of the butterfly business and is the complete antithesis of the popular figure of fun. He is an alert young man who runs a profitable butterfly farm at Bexley in Kent. His working day begins at 8 a.m. when he starts collecting eggs from the breeding tubs, and ends after he has trapped moths feeding on the sugar solution with which he has smeared trees in the nearby woods at dusk.

Rum-and-Treacle Bait

This "baiting" of tree trunks is a common trick among collectors and regarded as quite legitimate. During the summer, moth hunters often meet at Brockenhurst, near the New Forest, treat themselves to a good dinner, then go out and smear hundreds of trees with a solution of treacle and water. They return to the pub, have a few drinks, and by the time they get back to the trees the moths are greedily eating the treacle—easy victims for the collectors' nets. To make the treacle bait irresistible, they sometimes add a little rum.

Moths are susceptible to strong drink, and one well-known breeder, P. B. M. Allan, earnestly advocates giving the females sherry to make them lay. "Believe me," he says, "there's no tipple known to man which has such a tonic effect on the egg-laying mechanism of moths as brown sherry. I've tried beer, spirits, port and sauterne, and none of these can compare with sherry. Gin, I found, merely had the effect of making the moth crawl sideways up the cage and go to sleep in a corner. Whisky made one female shuffle underneath the plate containing her dinner, where she lay and snored like a pig. Rum makes them too excited: they squint, flog the air with their antennae like a neurotic cockroach, and forget all about egg-laying. But a moth that's had a good tuck-in at treacle and sherry will crawl up the food-plant, giggling happily, and lay eggs for all she's worth."

The Marine With A Net

Claude Rivers, who is an ex-Marine, took up moth collecting as a twelve-year-old at Dartford Grammar School and has been at it ever since. He has even been known to carry a butterfly net while dressed in Marine uniform. After the war he followed his father into the tobacconist and confectionary business, but a year ago he sold his shop and went into moth breeding as a full-time occupation.

His first season's turnover was about £300, but within a few years he hopes to have that well over four figures. His most numerous customers are schoolboys, but his biggest orders come from zoological societies and science teachers.

The drawing-room of the Rivers' cottage is dominated by a large mahogany cabinet in which there are more than 15,000 dead butterflies and moths, most of which have

On the end of his pram is an Indian Ailanthus. Behind is a Jersey Tiger. In any garden magnificent moths can be bred from a two-shilling cocoon

been collected by Rivers and his wife on their holidays.

Not long ago, they were on their way back from Broadstairs in their Austin tourer when they passed a large lucerne patch near Manston Aerodrome. Rivers recognized it as a likely spot to find butterflies and stopped his car.

Grabbing his net from the back seat, he went into the field and within a quarter of an hour had caught a Bath White, one of the rarest British migrant butterflies. Vastly excited, he returned the following day to spend a week searching the neighbourhood. In the entire week he failed to net a single worthwhile specimen.

Usually, according to Rivers, the luck in his family goes to his wife who has taken up collecting only in the last few years. She has a habit of coming across the description of a rare specimen in a book and saying, "I'll try for that next week." To her husband's mortification, nine times out of ten she is successful.

Ever since he was a schoolboy, Rivers had dreamed of seeing a Purple Emperor in flight. This is regarded as the king of British butterflies, but few collectors are lucky enough to come across it in its natural state. Shortly after their marriage, Mrs. Rivers heard about her husband's dream and said, "Let's go to Sussex for a few days next week." They went, and first day out a Purple Emperor flew right across their path.

The Cheque Book Collectors

Among adults there is a sharp distinction between those who do their own collecting in fields and woods, and those who do it in shops and auction rooms. The former describe the latter somewhat acidly as "cheque book collectors." In general, a man who devotes his spare time to catching specimens does not add to his collection by cash purchases. The field man's point of pride is that his collection represents the result of his own physical effort. The cheque book man is proud because he owns rarities that other people haven't got.

A third type of collector is the man with a scientific interest who wants a complete series of a particular variety and doesn't mind where they've come from. W. Rait-Smith, the dean of English collectors, is an example. He is a specialist in Chalk-hill Blues and—although he is in his seventies—still spends long days every summer tracking them down in the chalk hills near Folkestone. To give some of his series scientific completeness, he buys additional specimens at sales and from dealers. One of his rarest captures is a specimen which, instead of the usual black peppered spots on the hind wings, has heavy black bars. It is valued at £50.

Bombers To Butterflies

Other well-known English collectors are P. Burton, from Lowestoft, who was Bessemer's rival bidder in his recent high-priced purchases; Dr. R. M. Handfield-Jones, senior surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital; and Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby, wartime deputy Commander-in-Chief of Bomber Command, who started collecting as a schoolboy, and is now president of the South London Entomological Society. Handfield-Jones has recently bought a farm near Ipswich where he plans to breed moths and butterflies.

Auctioneer Frederick Stevenson has been selling moths and butterflies in London sales rooms since 1927. He started at one firm which had had an unofficial monopoly on the trade since the 1850s, and when their premises were blitzed in 1940 he moved to Debenham and Storrs and persuaded them to add lepidoptera to their more usual dealings.

The auction season for lepidoptera is from September to March, and there are generally about five sales a season. Each sale nets between £1,000 and £1,500.

The highest price ever paid at a public sale was 110 guineas for a pair of Marbled Whites which are normally chequered black and white. This was a freak pair, one entirely black and the other a pure creamy white. These expensive insects were bought by an agent for a wealthy recluse who is assembling an elaborate private museum on the Island of Anglesey.

Even higher was the reward which the late Lord Rothschild sent to a fisherman on the Barton Road who had caught a pure black Swallowtail. The fisherman sent it to Lord Rothschild and received by return post a cheque for £72.

L. W. Newman heard about the discovery and sent one of his agents to bring back caterpillers from the same area. He succeeded in breeding fifteen pure blacks from this stock, each of which sold for £20. The rarity has never been bred again.

Descriptions in the sales catalogues can prove disconcerting to the uninitiated. Items are described as: "Four selected females, in striking contrast, from various localities"; or "A sensational female form, possibly the finest in existence, with two enormous eye-spots, each underlined by a black bar."

Men Who Spend Thousands

Most of the sales are of collections from the estates of lepidopterists who have died and Stevenson has seen many sell for up to £5,000. There are several private collections in this country known to be worth considerably more than that.

Generally, Stevenson has about sixty buyers at a sale. Ten of them are probably trade buyers or representatives of museums; the others are private collectors. Almost all of them are men. Occasionally a woman appears to represent a scientific institution, or a wife accompanies her husband, but Stevenson has never known a woman to buy on her own account.

Accustomed by long experience to the noisy behaviour of an ordinary crowd at an auction of furniture, or china and glass, he never fails to be impressed by the orderly behaviour of the buyers at a sale of moths and butterflies. "Their auction room manners are perfect," he says.

His firm has a mailing list of about 250 people who are interested in the sales, and it is not unusual for a private buyer to spend up to £100 a day. Most of the buyers are more modest. A regular patron for almost half a century has been a man who has always made his living washing cabs. Once he washed down hansoms, now they're taxis. His purchases at a sale generally total between five and ten shillings.

Shopful Of Oddities

The sales room sets the price for freak insects, or "aberrations" as they are called, but the standard prices for ordinary specimens are set by one of London's strangest shops—Watkins and Doncaster—which has been a world headquarters for naturalists since 1879. Messrs. Watkins and Doncaster have long disappeared from the scene, and the business is now owned by a young entomologist named Ford who is an acknowledged authority on one particular group of parasitic flies.

The shop occupies four upper floors of a ramshackle building near Charing Cross, and each floor is packed with an assortment of nature's oddities. There is a glass case full of stuffed toucans which Ford bought from a bombed house in the East End and has since tried, unsuccessfully, to sell to Guinness. There is a large room stacked to the ceiling with trays of bird's eggs, a cupboard in which he keeps dried rattlesnakes' rattles, and cabinets of moths and butterflies.

Prices of moths and butterflies, on an average, have gone up about twenty-five per cent since the war and exotics from countries no longer easily accessible to collectors have gone up between fifty and seventy-five per cent. Both Ford and Stevenson think money invested in rare lepidoptera is as safe as it is in gilt-edged stock. THE END

Autumn Cricket

by LORD DUNSANY

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

They never played by day, those mighty batsmen —only by night, and only to an audience of one

ON ONE OF those short journeys by car that one sometimes takes nowadays, I happened to pass after nightfall the once-famous cricket field of Long Barrow. They play there still in the summer, though not so much as they used to do; but this was autumn, when it would be deserted by day, and at night there was nothing there but grey mists that strayed from a neighbouring stream. Perhaps it was the contrast between the activity for which that field had been famous, and the loneliness of it in that autumn night, that made me feel for a moment a sense of desolation.

And then my headlights flashed on the face of an old man sitting on a wooden bench by the side of the field and gazing out into the mists whose shapes floated up from the stream and rose every now and then in little wraiths.

Somehow this solitary figure seemed to increase the loneliness. Then just before the light left him, to sweep on and illuminate hedges and branches of trees, the old man began to clap. Sitting all alone on that wooden bench, looking over an empty field, he was unmistakably applauding something. I went on in the car.

It wasn't a very likely story, but I told it next day to a friend called Meadly, who knew Long Barrow, living nearer to it than I do, and this is what he told me. "Oh, that would have been old Modgers," he said. "He used to be groundsman there, but retired on account of age long ago, and has a cottage almost beside it."

"What was he doing there at that hour?" I asked.

"Well, that's the trouble," he said. "It's not good for him at that age to be out in the cold like that, and we can't stop him, unless we have him legally restrained."

"But surely you don't have to shut a man up," I said, "merely to prevent him from going out in the cold."

"It's more than that," he said. "The old man thinks there's a cricket match going on there every night and he goes out to look at it."

"Who does he think is playing?" I asked.

"W. G. Grace," he replied, "and Gunn and a lot of other famous players, all of them men he has seen on that ground, and all of them dead. We are trying to have him certified. And then they'll be able to keep him in at night."

I said rather lamely: "Will he like that?"

"No," he said. "He wants to go and see ghosts playing cricket. But it's the only way to stop him. His wife can't do it."

"Can you do it on that?" I asked.

"His doctor says so. He says he has given him very detailed accounts of the games that he watches, even to the score of each ghost."

So I imagined that I was never likely to see any more of old Modgers.

And then one day, only a week or so later, when autumn was a little colder and mistier, I was passing that way after nightfall again, and there was the same old man sitting on his old wooden bench that was still by the side of the ground, and gazing steadily, just as he had before, at the wisps of mist that breezes lifted over the rest and let fall again into the greyness that went all the way to the stream. So they had not certified the old man, and he was still out there of a night in the cold.

NEXT day I went to see Meadly again. I told him about old Modgers.

"Come in," he said cheerily. "Have some tea, and I'll tell you about him."

And I went into his smoking-room with him and sat down in a comfortable chair, and he said: "The trouble is that one doctor cannot certify a man. It takes two. That is the law. And the old fellow found out that he was going to be certified and when the second doctor turned up he wouldn't say a word about ghosts. So in spite of the evidence of his own doctor we have been unable to get him into an asylum."

"Well, I suppose we'd all try to escape that if we could," I said.

"It isn't the asylum that he jibs at," said Meadly, "but he won't leave his ghosts. You see he's somewhere in his late eighties, and he's kept that ground for nearly fifty years, and played on it before that; and to give up cricket is to him what giving up much more important things would be to others, and he thinks he's still watching it. Of course, if we could prove that, we could get him certified. But we can't. His doctor had the whole story from him; but that is not enough. We've asked his wife to wrap him up as much as possible. And she does that, but we can't stop him."

"Perhaps it would be possible to reason with him," I said.

"I don't think so."

"I'd like to try," I told him. "He can't want to be frozen to death."

"Men don't like to be killed by any of their follies," said Meadly, "but they don't like to give them up. And I suppose more good advice is wasted on asking them if they wouldn't like to do so than on anything else in the world."

"Still, I'd like to try," I said.

I went over by bus next night to Long Barrow, an hour or two after sunset, and walked alone to the cricket ground. And sure enough he was on his usual bench, looking out over the famous ground at the first thin wisps of mist that were coming up from the stream and nearing the lonely pitch. I went up to the wooden bench and sat down beside him. He hastily looked all round, evidently to satisfy himself that two men were not within hearing, and not till he had thoroughly scrutinized the misty darkness did he say anything to me. But then he spoke.

"They are just coming in to bat," he said. "That's Gunn, and that's W. G."

"So I see," I replied.

"You know them, then?" he asked.

"By sight," I said.

"They often play here," he told me.

"Do you watch them often?" I asked.

"Whenever they play," he said.

"Is it a good thing to be out so late with all this mist rising?" I asked him.

"They never play by day," he said.

"But are you sure you are warm enough?" I asked.

"I wrap up well," he said. "And I never stay more than two hours, unless it's a very exciting game. And I go to bed as soon as I get home."

He stopped to clap then, gazing over the ground towards the approaching mist. And I thought over what he had said, and it seemed to me that if he was really well wrapped up under the good great-coat that he wore, and if he did not stay more than two hours, it might not be so serious as Meadly and others feared; at any rate not till the winter.

I sat there beside the old fellow

Continued on page 30

Modgers bent at the crease. He seemed to be hitting up boundaries

On the march for more land. They know they are breaking the law. But "roasted ideals cannot be eaten"

Italy's gumboot mutineers

by ALEX VALENTINE

Grabbing the land is their way out of a mess which may be bigger than they can understand

ROME

ITALY WEARS A festive face this spring. The Holy Year has brought the crowds of tourists here to Rome. Florence, Venice, the Lakes, the famous cities of the north, are waiting to welcome more. The face has a smile and an air of contentment. But beneath there is trouble—trouble which concerns not only Italy, but Europe and the world at large. The familiar pattern appears again; the grievance, real and tragic, exploited by Communists for their own ends.

For the Italian peasants are on the march again. The landless, impoverished men of the south are again taking by force what the law has for so long denied them—soil from which they can wrest a living.

By night a procession of peasants winds its silent way down the mud-track from a hilltop village. With them they take a few starved-looking donkeys with wooden ploughshares, stakes and pickets strapped to their backs and, sometimes, a tattered red flag. By dawn they are at their destination, an uncultivated piece of land belonging to the local landlord. They drive home their pickets to stake their claims, hoist their red flag, divide the land among themselves (each family usually gets three or four acres) and start work.

A few hours later the armed police riot squads are on the scene. They order the peasants to leave. Sometimes, where the occupation is purely symbolical, a picturesque gesture, the peasants obey. Often there is resistance. A stone is thrown. A shot is fired. Nobody ever knows by whom—the origins of such incidents are always obscure.

Then the police open fire. A peasant falls to the ground dead. The Communist-led trade unions declare a general strike. Questions are asked in Parliament. Tension rises. Inquiries are promised. Tension drops. A few days later it happens all over again.

The backwardness of the south is typified in the Crotone region of southern Calabria, scene of some of the bitterest peasant-police clashes. Here, there are villages with no water supply within a mile, no schools, no roads, no cemetery. People live six or seven in a room in a tumbledown stone cottage with their pig and their hens under the one bed used by the entire family. Filth, squalor, ignorance and disease accompany the peasant on his dreary journey from the cradle to the grave.

Vincenzo Greco is not normally a very articulate man. He performs his minor duties as leader of the peasants' league of Isola with the minimum of words and the maximum of action. But when he is asked why he led his fifty men on to the estates of the Barone Berlengieri, he finds no difficulty in explaining himself.

Patience Wears Thin

"They tell me that we have broken the law," he says. "Perhaps we have, but I don't see that that is very important. The point is, are we doing right?" He rasps the back of his hand across his four-day growth of beard. "I think so. We have waited a long time—too long. Patience is a virtue that can be practised only by people with full stomachs. I have to walk eight miles every morning to work (when I have work) and eight miles back again at night, because there is no employment nearer. Yet half a mile away from my home is an uncultivated shooting estate. Can I be blamed if I go on to that ground and start cultivating it? No, it's not the law that matters down here. It's a question of conscience—and mine is clear."

The Barone Berlengieri, on the other hand, denounces Greco (and all the other Grecos of the south) as "thieves and robbers."

"I am a poor man," he says. "I know I own a lot of land, but it does not bring me in much, and most of that goes in taxes. Why don't I let the peasants work on more of it? My good fellow, do you realize what it costs to develop land, to build irrigation canals, to build peasants' houses? It's impossible. I can't afford it."

Idle Acres: Unemployed Peasants

There are 600,000 acres of uncultivated (but cultivable) land in the southern provinces, and 150,000 peasants unemployed. On the stocks in Rome is a Bill, originally proposed in April, 1949, and still under consideration by a Government commission, which would break off 300,000 acres from the large estates for the resettlement of landless peasants. A second Bill, hastily approved by the Cabinet after last autumn's flare-up, proposes the redistribution of 100,000 acres to be given to 5,000 peasants. This Bill, too, is only under "technical study."

With both these Bills, assuming they eventually become law, the Government has taken a step towards solving the immediate land crisis. But as a long-term measure they solve nothing. The key lies not only in land distribution, but in general development of the region; and this entails enormous capital investment. This has been estimated at the rate of £286 an acre; and the most conservative experts say that a minimum of £91,000,000 would be necessary.

The problem is enormous, frequently too large for the peasants themselves to comprehend, though the Communists have over-simplified it to suit their own purposes. The bulk of the peasants who have taken part in the land "invasions" are non-Communists and staunch Catholics. Their politics are purely practical. They have no knowledge or understanding of party principles.

Communists Lead Them

As one peasant put it: "Politics I know nothing about. I can feel only the bread in my stomach. I cannot eat roasted ideals. I will support the man who gives me, not words, but food for myself and my family."

There lies the strength of the southern Italian Communists. In many cases the local Confederaterra (the Communist-led Agricultural Union) has acted as the general staff of the peasants' movement, organizing them and leading them on to the land. Communist strength in southern Italy, as in many other parts of the world, will be diminished when a healthy economy presents some alternative.

The forces arrayed against such progress are formidable. The centuries-old superstitions of the peasants; their attachment to such Biblical farm implements as mattocks and wooden ploughs; and their inertia, born of their despair. This despair is reflected even in their language. In the north, when things are bad, a peasant will shrug his shoulders and say *"speriamo"* (let us hope). In the south he says simply *"pazienza"* (let us be patient).

Now even the patience is wearing thin.

THE END

Hunting the monster shark

by JOHN HILLABY

A shark at bay can turn the tables. When prey becomes attacker, the fisherman has a big fight on his hands

The shark has fought hard and lost. Harpoon in flank, he is lassoed and hauled in by Tex Geddes (kneeling)

ABOUT THIRTY OF us were leaning over the rail of the ferry which plies between the Isle of Skye and the Scottish mainland when the great black tail came out of the water like a monstrous bat. It hung high in the air for a moment and then slowly slid back into the sea, leaving only a series of rings on the surface.

"Basking shark," said a deck hand tersely, and went on with his work.

I wanted to know more. Were they dangerous? Had anybody ever caught one? It was not until I went out to the lonely islands beneath the shadow of the Cuillins that I met Gavin Maxwell and found the answers.

Maxwell, slightly built and with vivid blue eyes, has been poet, painter and traveller. Though he served in the Scots Guards as a major, he had, before the war, permanently affected his health by spending an Arctic season among the Laplanders, trapping rare migrant geese, eventually assembling the biggest collection of wild birds in Britain before giving them all to Peter Scott. And it was Maxwell who pioneered the seasonal combat with the greatest fish in the world, harpooning the shark which swim between the Outer Isles and the jagged West Scottish coastline.

They Look Frightening

Basking shark are large. Some are thirty, forty and even fifty feet long, but, despite their frightening appearance and colossal bulk, they are reasonably well-behaved brutes and live on marine plankton, the salad diet of the herring. They get it by sieving along the surface with their jaws gaping open: hence "basking."

Fishermen have good reason to fear them. Scottish ring-netters tried to get a subsidy for damage done to their nets by the monsters. Once the natives see the vast underwater silhouette gliding over their gear there is little they can do but cut everything away: excited shark rip the mesh to pieces and their slime is corrosive and rots the cordage.

Maxwell killed the creatures on a commercial scale. The liver, he found, contained valuable oil; the flesh could be salted down and sold abroad as "sail-fin"; the gelatinous cartilage made glue, the offal, fish manure; there were valuable by-products like insulin in the pancreas, and even the dappled hide could be used like expensive leather. A good fish, in fact, was worth more than £100.

Sinister First Signs

During the war, Maxwell was on special service between the Inner and Outer Isles. He noticed that shark first appeared in the spring. There is something sinister about their arrival. Lighthouse keepers usually spot them first. From the light platforms they see little black triangles moving into the bays and inlets of that sea called the Minch. The triangles become huge sail-like dorsal fins, waving over the water.

The fins are followed by tails, perhaps ten feet across, and both tails and fins flap idly on the surface as the wind catches them. It is difficult to guess what lies beneath—difficult, that is, until the huge fish come out of the water. That is the great moment. There is a flurry of foam as they hurl themselves out of the sea, making a wash which can be seen for miles.

Little was known about them, apart from the lighthouse keepers' reports, and when it became known that Maxwell was not only willing but anxious to catch one, it created a stir. But where were they to be found in the greatest numbers? Reports were confused.

Some said there were great concentrations of shark off the Barra Islands; others thought Loch Bracadale and the south-westerly face of Skye was the place. More shark were reported from the mouth of the Clyde, where they were scaring holidaymakers. From Penzance and Land's End, too, even from the most northerly point of Britain at Pomona and Hoy in the Orkneys, there were tales of many vast fish.

Maxwell concentrated on the Hebridean reports. From Uist, Benbecula, Lewis and the coast of Skye itself and from Eigg, Rhum and Canna he got encouraging information. The Minch was to be his hunting ground.

He took over a small local fishing craft called the *Gannet*, a beamy little boat capable of weathering the heaviest sea. For a companion he chose a tough Newfoundlander, Tex Geddes, who had served an apprenticeship on the Great Banks and knew most of the inlets and sounds of the Western Isles as well. Their harpoons were heavily barbed and made of forged steel. To ensure they would penetrate deep into the shark's back, they mounted them on twenty-foot lengths of piping in the belief they would be able to press them home with a thrust, both heaving together. Preparation went on for weeks.

Fortunately, it was a good season for shark when the *Gannet* first left Mallaig. In the Sound of Sleat one afternoon they saw layer upon layer of them in the water as far as the eye could see, but it was quite another matter to catch them, and they had months of almost constant disappointment.

Time after time the little craft was edged up to one of the brutes and the steel and piping hurled downwards with all their strength; yet the shark managed to break loose. Sometimes the barbs tore out or the harpoon steel bent like tin plate and came adrift.

It was often dangerous work. Once, off Canna Island, a fish floundered on the surface, arched its great tail high in the air and then smashed it down towards the boat. Fortunately, the tail itself did little damage, though the jagged edge of the harpoon nearly scalped the Newfoundlander. He was taken ashore immediately, where an islander neatly sewed him up with needle and pack-thread. It saved his life.

On another occasion they sighted a colossal fish a few miles to the west of Rhum. They crept up to it very gingerly, got within lunging distance and hurled the harpoons home. There was a fair-sized explosion in the water as the creature sounded like a whale and, within seconds, they were being towed along as if the six-ton boat was a mere cockleshell. They tried to haul their catch in, but managed to regain only a few feet of line at intervals. Five hours later, they were still being dragged through the water.

The shark eventually broke free when it threw its full weight on to one line. Immediately the other strainer was bent double and torn out of the woodwork of the boat. Feeling sick at heart, the two men watched the last length of line disappear over the side, and they turned for home without saying a word.

Dragged Through The Night

However, before their craft had cleared the three islands of the Inner Hebrides, they sighted another fish so large that to this day they believe it was the one they had lost. It was on the surface about a quarter of a mile away.

They edged up to it, turned off the engine and allowed themselves to drift nearer and nearer that immense back. They struck!

Once more they felt the mighty surge as the fish sounded beneath their craft, and once more the exhausted men knew they were being towed along by a creature over which they had no control. The afternoon passed into evening, and seven hours later they were still being dragged through the night. And all the time the wounded monster beneath them was threading its way along the bed of the sea.

About dawn they lost their bearings on a lighthouse and heard a sound which chilled them both. It was curlew calling from where no curlew should be. They were being towed on to a jagged reef of rocks known as Hyskier, which sticks out of the Minch like sharp teeth. In a second they had cut the shark free, and that was the biggest disappointment of all.

Such a double loss might have put an end to the shark expeditions for

ever had they not harpooned a twenty-seven footer only a few days afterwards. This time it was a fight to the finish in an open sea and in daylight, and, with the help of a little flotilla of boats from the mainland, the fish was beached. There were over 150 gallons of oil in its liver. The basking shark was a beast worth catching.

Within six months, Maxwell had bought a small island, called Soay, off Skye from the McLeod as a processing station; he managed to build a small factory, although every piece of wood, iron sheeting and every nail and rivet had to be brought over from the mainland; the islanders cut his fish up after they had winched them up on to a flensing platform; the oil was steamed out of the liver; and plans were made to send huge consignments of shark flesh to Glasgow for canning. There was a ready market for the product abroad.

Meanwhile, he had perfected a method of hunting the fish from the deck of a converted naval launch and was using a powder-charged harpoon gun which was ultimately efficient, although it occasionally leaped off its mounting and once nearly killed him. The new industry was launched.

It even became popular. Tony Watkins went into the business from Campbeltown on the Clyde; the Duke of Hamilton followed Maxwell's lead on Soay Island; and a fourth company opened up in Dublin a few months ago to catch the shark returning from the deep waters of the Atlantic. Maxwell realized the financial burden was too heavy for one man to bear, and he stayed long enough to complete his biological study of the fish and then came south.

Fortunes Can Be Made

The prospects for the 1950 shark-hunting season are good, but shark fishing is rather like prospecting: it requires either vast capital or a lucky strike. None of the competitive hunters is rich enough to send out many boats and each clings tenaciously to the little scraps of biological "know-how," which may mean all the difference between a poor season and a solid fortune.

Ten fish a week is a good average; the season is short and the overheads are enormous. It costs something like £100 a week to fuel a boat and feed its crew. Helicopters have been considered for reconnaissance purposes in those narrow seas, although the shark hunters are still relying largely on the reports of the lighthouse keepers, who see the black shapes streaming north at the beginning of the year.

They are, furthermore, highly suspicious of one another. Maxwell put his trust in soundings and logged the route of each shark on a chart; Watkins concentrated on the narrower areas of the Clyde. There have been brief periods when rival boats shadowed each other and the crews fought it out in Jack London fashion.

Watkins is now based on the Mull of Kintyre and saying nothing about his hunting area. Two new craft, the *Paragon* and the *Isa Wilson*, are being fitted out at Howth, ready for the shark which round the northern coast of Ulster at the beginning of the season. Another ring-netting craft is being rigged out with a harpoon gun at Mallaig on the West Coast of Scotland, and two others are operating from Stornoway in the Hebrides. The season may bring them all handsome profits. It will certainly bring them adventure. THE END

MISS STRAWBERRY AND THE SERGEANT

Continued from page 11

asked permission to go to the centre of the town on personal business. There was a man he knew named Gomez who was a trader in everything—old books, new beds, used automobiles, everything. Gomez had a cat. It was a fat cat, bright yellow, and Gomez was willing to sell it for two dollars.

"This cat," Sergeant Forster said to Miss Shrewsbury. "I thought you might like it. To keep. A friend of mine gave it to me, and I've got no place to keep it. How do you feel now?"

For quite a long while Miss Shrewsbury simply stared at the sergeant. He had nothing more to say. He suddenly felt too big for the veranda, as he was too big for the cab of the van. He was afraid that if he took a step he'd knock something over and break it. It was embarrassing and he felt like running away. But Miss Shrewsbury's eyes held him there. She began to cry.

"Why, gosh!" Sergeant Forster said. "Don't do that."

Miss Shrewsbury rose from her chair and, dabbing at her cheeks with her handkerchief, approached the sergeant and held out her arms. He gave her the cat.

"But of course I can't accept it," she said, low.

"Why not?" the sergeant said. "I mean, it's only a cat——"

Then he understood. Miss Shrewsbury was being a lady. There were strict regulations of conduct, and he'd made a mistake. Damn it, then, all right—he'd made a mistake! The sergeant was getting mad.

"It's only a cat," he said again. "And you're going to take it." He spoke sharply, almost like a marine sergeant giving an order. "I don't want any more nonsense out of you, Miss Shrewsbury. I can give you a cat if I want to, *and you can take it. Go back and sit down.*"

He saw the quick movement of her shoulders as, startled, she caught her breath.

Then, suddenly, from inside the house a clock struck. From the force of old habit, Miss Shrewsbury nodded to each stroke separately.

"Six," she said. "And you—you've missed your tea!"

She made it sound like a disaster. The sergeant found himself laughing. He never drank tea, he said. "But surely, then," Miss Shrewsbury said, "a whisky, Sergeant Forster?"

The sergeant said thanks, he'd stay and have just one whisky and soda. Later Miss Shrewsbury brought out a small tin of caviare. The sergeant tried it. It tasted strange but good. He had a second whisky.

They talked about the people in the embassy, and once Miss Shrewsbury actually chuckled aloud at what the sergeant said—off the record—about Mr. Rees. They discovered that neither of them liked Mr. Rees very much.

"You must do me a favour, Sergeant Forster," Miss Shrewsbury said suddenly. "You must do me the honour of staying for dinner."

The sergeant hesitated. In a little place like this you had to be careful of the gossips.

"Of course we would dine here on the veranda." Tactfully Miss Shrewsbury made it plain that the sergeant needn't set foot inside the house.

The dinner included native mutton, broccoli from the hills, and canned peas. Sergeant Forster enjoyed it thoroughly. At Miss Shrewsbury's suggestion, he lingered to watch the moon rise above towering mountains. It had been a very long time since he'd seen the moon quite that way.

Oh, he'd had his fair bit of dreaming, long ago, and run after the girls a lot in his time. He'd never have believed, back then, that he'd end up his years still on the foreign shore, and still living alone. He had his own house, with no debts on it; he loved his garden—too big a garden, really, for one person to take care of. He told Miss Shrewsbury about his house and garden, and about the old days in the Marines. He sat much later than he'd intended. In fact, he stayed till midnight.

MR. REES said "Come in" when Miss Shrewsbury knocked next morning. The time was just past nine, and Mr. Rees, looking up, merely pointed to the rough draft of Towle's long-winded report on internal transportation, awaiting typing.

But Miss Shrewsbury ignored the draft. She sat.

She was not expected to sit. Mr. Rees put down his pencil. "Yes?" he said, staring fixedly across the desk. Miss Shrewsbury returned his stare with complete composure.

Her voice was surprisingly crisp. "Let us not fence with each other, Mr. Rees," she said. She sat straight, but without tension. Her eyes were bright. Her hair, Mr. Rees observed in spite of himself, was immaculately piled in some new arrangement that made her look years younger. "You urgently desire to sack me, don't you, Mr. Rees?" she said.

Her smile was without rancour. It flashed into the First Secretary's mind that Miss Shrewsbury had, by the old military manoeuvre of unexpected attack, taken command of the situation. He did not like it.

Miss Shrewsbury went on quickly: "There's an awkwardness for you, I know, in discarding an old employee, but I think we need not speak of it. I've come to bargain with you."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Rees, astonished. "What, precisely——"

"Precisely this, Mr. Rees. I shall save face. I shall resign. But there is the problem of water."

"Problem of water? I'm afraid I don't understand," he said coldly.

"But you do. The public supply is atrocious. Untrustworthy. And since I shall continue to live here, I shall continue to want water. Hence, I'll write my resignation only in exchange for your assurance that Sergeant Forster will continue to deliver embassy well water to my residence."

"Are you joking, Miss Shrewsbury?" Mr. Rees said.

"I have never been more serious in my life, Mr. Rees," Miss Shrewsbury said.

For a moment Mr. Rees weighed the possibility that Miss Shrewsbury had been drinking. But no. Plainly not. It might be, as she said, that she simply wanted water. Mr. Rees shrugged. "The water can be arranged," he said, not very graciously.

"Delivery *twice* a week."

Mr. Rees made a note on a pad.

A few minutes later she put the cover on her typewriter for the last time.

The street was tropically warm with direct sunlight, but Miss Shrewsbury walked briskly, head up. She smiled in passing at the pretty bloom of hibiscus on a garden wall, but did not pause. She had shopping to do.

Three tins of caviare—there should be three. And a fresh bottle of whisky. . . . There would be the cat to talk about, merely as an introductory topic—something to break the ice. Then, logically, properly (inevitably, even), a man's evening whisky and soda. And—it would all fall into place, she knew it would—dinner on the veranda. Beef?

"Sergeant," said Miss Shrewsbury to herself, testing the syllables. She found that she could, without any difficulty at all, invest the title with a large measure of military dignity.

Miss Shrewsbury, still smiling, walked on, until she reached the shop where caviare in small tins could be bought on account. THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Clear the decks

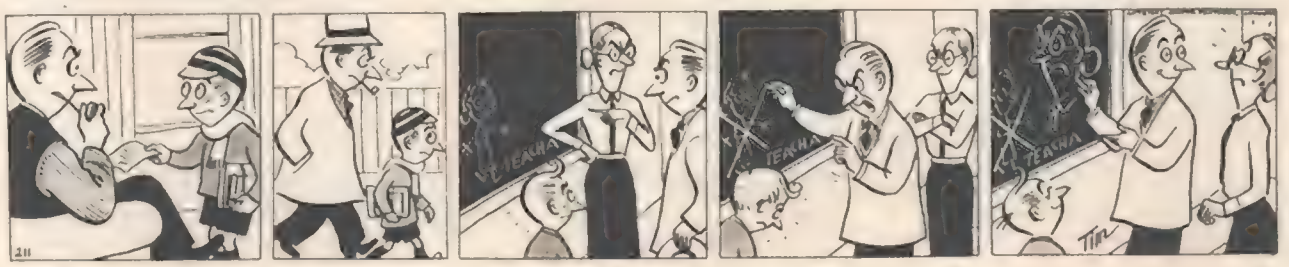
WE CANNOT DEAL with life on our own terms. It is the mistaken belief that we *can* that lands us into so much discomfort and trouble.

We cannot, for instance, expect to do a big job efficiently unless we have cleared our minds of anxieties and made sure the small, routine jobs have been done satisfactorily. No one can do good work whose mind is not free to concentrate on the job.

If you find life vague and unsatisfactory, it is probably because you have adopted a vague and unsatisfactory approach to it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



JOHN BULL April 29 1950

THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE

by DAVID FROME

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

It had all started the day Dan had met Mr. Pinkerton outside the ruins of No. 22. And in the ruins of No. 22 lay the secret

TWO MEN HAD BEEN MURDERED in Godolphin Square in the apartment building at No. 4, where morbid old Caroline Winship passed her days looking out of the window at No. 22, opposite, her own bombed-out house. Pegott, the permanent valet, was strangled before he could tell the American, Dan McGrath, the secret of Scott Winship, Caroline's brother-in-law, who had disappeared years before.

Dan's only interest in Scott Winship was aroused by his desire to convince Scott's daughter, Mary, and her mother, Louise Winship, that he was not a detective trying to resurrect an old scandal. But the Winships all distrusted Dan. His only friend at No. 4 was Evan Pinkerton, a timid little Welshman who loved to play detective.

Then young Eric Dalrymple-Hughes, Caroline's worthless nephew, was brutally killed with a hammer. Apparently it was dangerous for anyone to pry too much into the affair of Scott Winship . . . or into the shadowy ruins of No. 22. For it was at No. 22 that Mary Winship was found unconscious after she had grappled with a mysterious prowler, when she went there hoping to find her father.

Inspector Bull, of Scotland Yard, came to Caroline Winship's flat with a search warrant for No. 22. He was going to get at the root of the mystery if he had to tear the ruin down stone by stone.

But it was not the search warrant that startled Dan McGrath. It was a stranger who was also present at the Winship flat. He was a man in baggy tweeds, and Dan had had only a glimpse of him once before—just outside the door of Pegott, the permanent valet, the night the servant was murdered.

FINAL INSTALMENT

Caroline Winship's Story

HE came on into the room, diffident and hesitant, and Dan McGrath, still staring at him, was suddenly aware that the man was looking at him. He had a slightly shamefaced look, then, and a deprecatory and apologetic smile.

"I say, awfully sorry, my dear fellow," he murmured. "Not sporting, you know. Not sporting at all."

Caroline Winship's voice had sunk to a soft whisper, an iron threat in a velvet tongue: "Get out of my house, Elliot."

"I have asked Mr. Elliot Winship to come here, Miss Winship," Bull said coolly.

Sidney Copeland stepped forward from where he had halted on his way to the door. He had an abrupt authority of his own. "It's my professional duty to warn you, Inspector, that Miss Winship is not a healthy woman. She suffered a slight cerebral haemorrhage—a stroke—last night, as a result of finding her nephew killed in his bed. Any undue excitement and nervous strain at this time—and I shall hold you personally responsible."

Miss Winship was still gripping her stick in one hand, the wing of the chair in the other, her hooded eyes alive and brilliant with passion, fixed on the man who was Scott Winship's brother. She moved them slowly to Copeland as he spoke. Her lips curled in a mirthless smile of contempt as she turned without a word, wrenching her chair forward. She sat there, her shoulders and head thrust forward, her vivid gaze making an almost tangible path through the window and across the garden to the house across the square. Her face was suffused and dark with anger.

Bull turned to Louise Winship, sitting as white as death itself on the sofa, the nurse beside her almost vulgarly alive in contrast to the woman leaning back, one anaemic hand gripping her throat as if she also expected a recurrent attack of her own malady, waiting for it in fear and despair.

"Mrs. Winship," he said soberly, "you have never told anybody the truth about this matter."

A muffled hacking sound and the thud of heavy blows came through the window, punctuating his quiet accusation. A shuddering groan came from Caroline Winship's lips: "They're stealing my mantelpiece." She lunged forward and threw up the window. The hacking sounds of the pickaxes came clearly across the square.

"It's time for you to tell the truth now, Mrs. Winship." Bull looked steadily down at her. "When your husband left the farm in Kent, you knew he was not coming back—not for some time. Did you not, Mrs. Winship?"

Louise Winship gripped her throat more tightly with her frail, bloodless hand, and bent her head forward in assent.

"More than that. You knew he was going to sell the picture. He had got your permission to sell it. Had he not?"

"Yes." She breathed the word rather than spoke it.

"You knew he had sold it and gone to Paris. That's why you waited in Kent until the day before the dealer was to come to take the picture. Because you thought your husband had the money, and had got safely to the Continent."

Through the open window, the hack-crash-thud of the men across the square stopped momentarily, and continued again with a new rhythm. Dan McGrath looked over there, past the plane trees. The carved Adam mantelpiece was gone. It stood against the wall at the foot of the staircase going fantastically on up to the open sky. The fragile pink damask torn from the overmantel hung on the delicate ornamental stair rail, flapping in the breeze.

A crowd of onlookers had materialized almost in a moment, standing along the road and on the benches in the garden. He recognized the maid, Sarah, and the day porter from No. 4. The rest seemed to have sprung up like mushrooms on the lawn after a warm, rainy night. Two policemen stood on either side of the premises at No. 22. The workmen were hacking methodically at the plaster covering the solid chimney shaft.

CAROLINE WINSHIP was motionless in her chair. Bull gave Louise Winship no respite. "Why did you not tell your sister here that you had sold the picture, Mrs. Winship?"

"I—I couldn't." A fit of coughing choked her. She clutched her handkerchief to her mouth.

"You were ill the night you came from Kent. Your sister called in Mr. Sidney Copeland, a surgeon who had tended your husband."

Dan went across the room to Mary and took her hand. She looked up at him, her face pale, as Bull's slow and inexorable voice went on:

"These facts are recorded in Inspector Pulham's report and elaborated on in his private notes. . . . You did come to Mrs. Winship, at eight fifteen o'clock the night she arrived from Kent, did you not, Mr. Copeland? And while you were there, Mrs. Winship was seized with one of her asthmatic attacks?"

Copeland spoke reluctantly: "If I remember correctly, that is so. It was a long time ago."

"Too long," Caroline Winship said. Her gaze across the square was unwavering. Her voice had a hollow quality of doom, above the hollow pick-pick-pick of iron points echoing across the trees.

"Too long for a woman to suffer," Bull said quietly. He turned back to Louise Winship. "You were married to Scott Winship from Twenty-two Godolphin Square on the twenty-second of January, 1925. The roses that you get—have got each year, except during the war—come on the sixteenth of October—which is the day you married him, secretly, in 1924, in the Registry Office in Oxford. You wore three red roses. Scott Winship had no money to buy more. Mr. Elliot Winship here accompanied his brother. He is the only person, presumably, who knew you were married to him then."

Elliot Winship flushed as she looked round at him. "Sorry, old girl. I'd really got to tell him, you know. Police, and all that. Awkward, you know, withholding information and all that sort of thing."

Dan McGrath could hear the voices of the men working across the square, and the hack-crash, hack-crash, hack-crash, hack-crash, like incidental discords, hardly heard at moments, sharply audible at others. He looked down at Mary, took her hand and held it tightly—a taut and frightened orphan of a storm that should never have touched her life at all.

"It was also on the sixteenth of October," Bull said, "that this announcement appeared in *The Times*." He took a faded newspaper clipping out, holding it in his hand. "This was also in Inspector Pulham's private papers—an entry he added almost ten years after everyone else at Scotland Yard had forgotten Scott Winship."

"I—I have always been sorry," Louise Winship whispered. "I've never forgiven myself."

"Nor have you ever been forgiven, Mrs. Winship," Bull said evenly. "I'm sorry to have to tell you that the flowers that have been sent you for so long—the few primroses that came on your birthday in April, and the three roses on your wedding day—were ordered to be sent to you on those days, and paid for, for twenty-five years in advance, on the day your husband bought his ticket to Paris. Confidential instructions, with bank notes to cover the charges, were posted in London on that day. The florist received them the next morning, October 3, and the order was entered on his books that day."

The frail colour that had risen to Louise Winship's cheeks drained out of them. "You mean . . . he did not intend to come back to me? Oh, no, no!"

"Not exactly," Inspector Bull said. "The shop they were ordered from was bombed during the blitz. They stopped coming then. They began again when the florist's daughter opened up the shop, and, being an honest woman, carried on the obligations that she had records left for. It was Pegott who sent the roses the other day—on the wrong day. It was Pegott

who told Sophie Barnes, the girl in the florist's shop, to change the address from Twenty-two Godolphin Square to Four Godolphin Square. He had . . . guessed by then that Scott Winship did not know your present address or that Number Twenty-two had been destroyed in the war."

The quality of the rhythmic sound coming from across the square changed abruptly. It was no longer the hollow hack and thud of the falling plaster, but the ringing metallic note of iron on harder substance. Dan looked over. The plaster was gone. Left was the blurred pink of the solid brick, and he heard the clank of the sledge hammer striking the chisels into it.

CALMLY, Bull went on: "Pegott came here to join Miss Grimstead's staff with one thing in mind. His father was a stonemason, and he'd listened to his father's stories. He knew about Scott Winship, and he'd learned by eavesdropping about the picture Winship had sold for ten thousand pounds. In his father's ledger there's an entry for additional labour at Twenty-two Godolphin Square not included in the contract for repairs. On September 28, 1925, there's an entry: 'Remove mantel and brick from hall fireplace chimney, first floor,' and on October 3 there's an entry: 'Replace same.' The day before that second date was the day Scott Winship came up from Kent and took the American dealer to the house to view and buy the picture. Miss Caroline Winship was away from home. The servants, too, were away. The house was closed while Pegott senior was making repairs to the foundations.

"Sophie Barnes thought Pegott, the valet, talked wildly about a fortune he was about to make. She thought he was fooling her, but she also thought he was going to marry her, so she listened. Pegott knew he couldn't hope to manage alone, especially with Miss Winship watching the house to see that her mantel and staircase weren't carried off by collectors. He went to see Mr. Elliot Winship on the pretext of selling him some of his father's moulds, but couldn't get to see him. He finally decided on Dalrymple-Hughes as a relative who might be able to persuade Miss Winship, I expect, to allow the search.

"Pegott was a cunning man, and he had put several things together. He believed that a picture worth ten thousand pounds had got walled up in the house there.

"Pegott was ready to act. When Mr. McGrath came here, he made the mistake—as others did, and natural under all the circumstances—of connecting him with the picture. But when Pegott found out from Mr. McGrath what that book about lost paintings was saying, he became frightened or suspicious. He had taken the book from Mr. McGrath and learned, or believed he had learned, that the picture was a fake. It was that noon that he lunched with Dalrymple-Hughes. I presume he then sold his 'interest' in the picture—namely, his information that the picture might be concealed, walled up in the masonry, in Twenty-two Godolphin Square—to Dalrymple-Hughes, who had drawn a cheque payable to Pegott for one hundred pounds, reducing his own balance to some three pounds.

"Whether Pegott thought Scott Winship had returned and was trying to get his picture again, I do not know; and whether Dalrymple-Hughes thought he had to act quickly or not at all, is only surmise. But Dalrymple-Hughes bought himself a sledge-hammer and cold chisel yesterday afternoon. It was the chisel that Miss Mary Winship stumbled over on the stairs last night. It and the sledge-hammer have been identified as resembling those sold yesterday to a man of his description. And that he was afraid, we know from his having bought bolts and put them on his doors. He brought the sledge-hammer down to this flat with him, not, of course, as he is said to have told Miss Winship, for protection, which is absurd, but because he planned to get up early—he had set his aunt's alarm—to go over to Number Twenty-two and find the picture. He was sure, from what Pegott had told him and from what he had himself learned, that the picture was there; and presumably he did not know that it was suspected to be a forgery. He had been brutally killed, of course, before the alarm went off to wake him."

"The picture is not a forgery," Miss Caroline Winship said, coldly. She did not move her body or turn her head. "The picture is not a forgery."

"You have known all along that the picture really is in the house over there, Miss Winship," Bull said quietly. "You must have known it, of course. The senior Pegott received his fee from you. Inspector Pulham suspected that. But on suspicion alone he could not reasonably demand a search warrant. No crime had been done in the disappearance of the picture. You had paid back the dealer; you had closed the door. Pulham came to that conclusion, after a number of years of watching the art dealers' sales and collectors' and museums' acquisitions, here and abroad. You knew that, did you not, Miss Winship?"

"I am not a fool," Caroline Winship said steadily. She did not move until Louise Winship's horrified gasp. She moved her head then for an instant and shot her sister a single glance before she turned back to the window.

"Inspector Pulham," Bull went on slowly, "had Mr. Sidney Copeland's report on Scott Winship. He had serious head injuries from the war. The prognosis was unfavourable. Recurrent attacks of amnesia were to be expected. For a long time Pulham expected Scott Winship would return home, as he'd returned when he escaped from the military hospitals where he'd been a patient. Later, Pulham concluded Winship would come back when the five thousand pounds he'd been paid were gone . . . come back for the picture, to sell it again. It was Scott Winship's return that Pulham was waiting for, after he retired from the force, and up to the time he was killed on Home Guard duty in the blitz."

BULL took two steps to Miss Winship's chair and looked out over the garden at his men. As he looked back at her and spoke to her, her gaze stayed, unwavering, on the house.

"It is Scott Winship's return over there, Miss Winship, that all the staff here, and your sister, the policemen who patrol the square, Mr. Copeland—all of them think you are waiting for, as you sit here, always at this window."

"It is false," Caroline Winship said. She struck her stick violently on the floor. "False. That is not why I have sat here. My picture is there. It *was* my picture. It was the only valuable picture in the whole collection . . . and my father gave it to her! He had no right. I took care of my father. She was too weak and sickly to take care of him. And I took care of Scott Winship, after the first war, when he ran away from the hospital and crept back, lost, his mind blank!"

She was rising, her cheeks darkly flushed and mottled, staring with a kind of dreadful agony across the square. Dan McGrath saw that the workmen had gone through the brick. A gaping black hole in the pink blurred chimney column was opening. A man with a crowbar was prying loose a section of the solid wall. The sledge-hammers rose and fell. The senior Pegott, he thought, with sudden irrelevance, put his bricks together to stay for ever.

Caroline Winship's breath came in laboured gasps.

"Yes," Inspector Bull said slowly. His voice was sombre. "I know. I know you took care of him when he was ill. But you've not sat here because of your picture, Miss Winship. It was not because of your picture—or the picture you thought should have belonged to you—that they had to tear you away from that staircase that night the house was bombed out. It was because you were not away from home that day Scott Winship called—October 2. You were in that house when Scott Winship came there with the dealer, and later, when he came back from the bank and told you he'd sold the picture, and that he and his wife were going to Paris to live. But Scott Winship did not get to Paris."

The wall tore loose under the crowbar, a great square of brick, held together still by Pegott the stonemason's workmanship, tearing loose from the chimney face, crashing down to the floor as the workmen jumped back. They moved in again to prise out the sheet-metal backing that Dan McGrath could see there.

It looked to him at first like some part of the furnace flue. He thought then that it could not be, by the way they were working at it. Or by what he saw then in the rigid, transfixed figure of Caroline Winship. She stood there with one hand on the window frame, gripping it so that her knuckles were white under the brown blotched skin. Her breath came in spasms as she watched as if in some horrible enchantment, her brilliant eyes glittering.

The sheet-metal backing was coming out as the men prised it loose. It came forward like an oven door falling open. The men moved back in fantastic slow motion, as if themselves seized by some weird enchantment. Dan McGrath stared, catching his breath, his face turning slowly white.

Lodged in the cavity that was exposed was a statue. It was not a picture. It was the statue of a man, kneeling, his torso bent forward, his head between his knees—bent forward, kneeling, like some hideous, abject worshipper of an evil god, transfixed and mummified in the act of some hideous contrition. But it was not a statue. It was a man.

Or it had been a man. Dan could tell that, too, by the way the workmen and the policemen stood, and the way one of them, after a petrified instant, reached slowly for his cap and took it off, and the others followed, one by one. And by the way they moved quickly back as the terrible kneeling figure seemed to come to fearful life, moving sideways out of its ghastly crypt, leaning, toppling, falling slowly out and down, down at their feet and on to the rubble.

Dan McGrath could see it there, the form and figure of a man, and then, in an instant it shrank and collapsed into a dark and awful heap on the floor.

One of the men not in workman's clothes moved then, after a long moment, reaching into the cavity that had been Scott Winship's tomb for twenty-four years—from before his daughter's birth, through her childhood, through a war that had brought her to maturity, always believing he was alive and would one day come back to them. Out of it he brought a flat, rectangular object. As he held it, Dan saw something dark and unshaped, barely more than an amorphous cloud, fall from it. The man was holding in his hand a frame, an empty frame, the picture that it had once held, crumbled, disintegrated, a handful of shreds and dust, fallen and dispersed.

He turned, looking in mute horror at Caroline Winship.

"He's mine," she whispered. "He's still mine. He belonged to me. The picture belonged to me." She beat her stick on the floor. "They were plotting to sell it. Even before they went to Kent, they were plotting to sell it, and go away and leave me!"

It was like some awful recitation dredged, whispering, up from the bitterest depths of her heart. "That's why I closed the house. That's why I let them think I'd be away from home for the day. I knew they'd come. I was ready for them—for both of them—and she did not come!"

She wheeled round, her face livid, the heavy eyelids torn open from her brilliant gleaming eyes. Louise Winship shrank back in speechless terror before that glance.

"I hate her! She took him from me! She should be dead!" Miss Caroline Winship threw up her arm, her stick poised. "She shall——"

Her thick body was convulsed, the stick fell from a clawing hand to the floor. She held herself erect, terrible for an instant with hatred and despair, and pitched forward. She lay there, her face purple and suffused, her hands clawing once before they were still.

DAN held Mary Winship, white-faced, close in his arms. He did not care to look around the room, in the silence there in which life seemed suspended.

Inspector Bull's voice was calm and grave: "And you would have died, Mrs. Winship. You were meant to die when your husband died. You were meant again to die yesterday. Miss Grimstead's coming up and calling Copeland here was the only thing in the world that saved you. That, and her first stroke last night, after she'd killed Eric Dalrymple-Hughes to save herself, just as she'd done Pegott, and tried to do to Mr. Pinkerton, thinking he knew more than he did, or possibly mistaking him for Pegott."

He turned as Sidney Copeland came back from the room to which they had carried her.

"Your task is here, Mr. Copeland," he said evenly. "Not there. There's no pity needed for a murderess. This woman killed a man she was in love with because he married another woman, and then carried on a sadistic torture, under the guise of kindness, to that woman and her child; pretending she'd paid the dealer back out of her own pocket when there's no doubt she merely returned him the money she'd taken from Scott Winship when she killed him the night of October the second; pretending that a letter had come from him in Monte Carlo when her sister was too ill to detect the forgery, and destroying it in a pretence of anger before anyone else could see it.

"There's no doubt Miss Winship has for years been administering poison to her half-sister, Mrs. Winship, to bring on the supposed attack of asthma whenever the flowers that she herself had sent arrived, and every time her sister made up her mind that her husband would never return, and decided to have him declared dead, so she could marry the man who'd stood faithfully by her year after year. It was nothing poisonous to anyone else

The metal backing of the fireplace came forward like an oven door falling open. The men stepped back, aghast. Caroline Winship's secret was out

in the house. It was something she could herself easily administer, when she pleased, to keep up the fiction in the minds of reputable medical men that it was a psychological disturbance, connected with the presumed presence of her husband. Miss Caroline Winship was playing on her faith and affection, trying to destroy her before her death even, in the minds of her daughter and the man who wanted to marry her. People get tired of neurotic women, always sick and worn out."

Louise Winship, stunned and scarcely breathing, kept her eyes blindly on him, as if in a daze.

"We can find out what it was. The valet Pegott had a tin of mushrooms in his dispatch case. I've wondered if he suspected this part of Miss Winship's design, too."

Louise Winship shook her head. "I never eat mushrooms. They made me sick as a child. I've never touched them since."

"Then mushrooms they were," Bull said dryly. "The liquor from the tin in your broth would be all you'd need, Mrs. Winship. And that's no doubt why during the war you weren't ill. Your sister was too busy worrying whether a bomb or the blast would wreck her house and expose her guilt, and tinned mushrooms were not easy to get. I imagine you'll be a healthy woman now, ma'am. And you can thank Miss Grimstead's prying ways that you're still alive. Her and Dalrymple-Hughes. It was him hammering his bolts in the woodwork she heard and came up to investigate."

He turned to Copeland with an inquiring glance. The surgeon shook his head. "There's no chance, Inspector. But, even if she did recover, she'd be paralysed for life."

Mary Winship held tight to Dan's hand. "I don't want her to live and suffer," she said quietly. Her face was still white, her eyes wide with shock. "I—I can't believe it. She was always kind to me."

INSPECTOR BULL passed over without remark an error of omission in prognosis that Scotland Yard could hardly be expected to make, but that there was no need to mention.

"I think you were the one person alive that she cared about, Miss Winship," he said gently. "She tried to send you away when she felt things were closing in, to keep you out of it. I expect she might have thought of you as her child."

Louise Winship sat up, breathing deeply, as if testing whether she could really breathe again, freely and without fear.

"It's very strange," she said unsteadily. "Once, a long time ago, I—I knew he was dead. I knew it very clearly. But then I'd forget. I told Caroline. She said it was because I wished him dead, so I could marry. I remember now the night we were bombed. She kept crying: 'They'll never find him.' Over and over again. And when the demolition people came, she sat at this window and didn't move or eat for days. One day she looked over there and said: 'God has saved my house for me. I'll build it up again.' She tried to get a licence to rebuild."

She breathed a deep, free breath again. "We didn't mean to be wicked, to hurt her so. She had taken care of him. And he . . . when he was very ill, he had thought he was in love with her . . . before we met. It was cruel, but we couldn't help it. We were terribly in love."

She held out her hand, and Bull took the newspaper clipping out of his pocket and gave it to her.

The King and Queen have returned from Sandringham.

"King George and Queen Mary," Louise Winship whispered. Bull watched her reading the old announcement:

A marriage has been arranged and will soon take place between Scott William Winship, late of H.M. Guards, and Miss Caroline Winship, daughter of the late Colonel Elliot Philip Winship, D.S.O., of 22 Godolphin Square.

She closed her eyes for an instant. "It was the—the very day we were married. We didn't know, of course, that she'd got the announcement off to the Press, and we were going to tell her the next day. We were terrified. But she found out. She pretended not to mind. She insisted we be properly married, at home, not to embarrass her. Then she took care of us. We had nothing but the picture. We couldn't bear it, eating her bread and living in her house. That's when we decided to sell the picture. We weren't sure it was genuine. Scott was almost frantic with delight when he got me on the phone and told me we'd get ten thousand pounds. But we were afraid to tell her. He was going to Paris to get us a flat. I thought the excitement had brought back his illness when I didn't hear from him. I was afraid to tell Caroline. She was so kind to me, and so bitter because he'd left me."

Sidney Copeland went over to her. "Don't, my dear. It's through with, now. I was a fool not to see."

For one moment it seemed to Dan McGrath that Mr. Sidney Copeland was very nearly human . . . until the surgeon happened to notice then, off in a corner, an almost forgotten man, Mr. Elliot Winship. He stiffened slightly.

"I don't see what brought you into all this."

Elliot Winship took his pipe out of his pocket and looked at it. He looked

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THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE

Continued from previous page

up at everyone then with a quiet, deprecatory smile.

"Trying to help out, that's all," he said apologetically. "Made a frightful mess of it, I expect." He looked at Dan, shaking his head in genuine ruefulness. "Must really apologize, old boy. Swine, absolute swine. No lunch. Foul cocktail. Tepid stuff—horrible. Felt like an ass, a complete ass, trying to have you on. But, you see, I'd not done young Pegott in. I'd been in his room, too, but I'd just sat there waiting for the bounder to come in. Never thought of looking in the wardrobe. Never crossed my mind. Then Mrs. O'Neill said he'd been to see me about the moulds. And I'd known his father. Good man, old Pegott. Jolly fine stonemason, always talking in riddles about missing valuables walled up somewhere. I expect he'd twigged. In part. Knew there might be something behind that metal screen. Heard about the blasted picture later. I always thought he was a bit addled, you know. Until Mary got the wind up about this other McGrath fellow who wrote the book, and all that."

Elliot Winship looked around at them a little more cheerfully.

"Well, put two and two together, then, and all that sort of thing. There was some plaster on his rug—sort of thing I'd notice, d'you see—and there was Caroline's wretched house staring me in the face. That's when I twigged. In part, too, may I say. Thought I'd have a look at the place last night." He smiled less happily then at his niece. "So sorry, old girl. But you really had me bothered. Didn't mean to frighten you. I'd just got out of the clutches of the gendarmes and my friend here. . . ."

He glanced at Mr. Pinkerton, who, still white-faced himself and shattered, stood backed against the wall, looking little like anyone's friend.

". . . and all I could think of was to make a run for it. Didn't know you'd tumbled down the stairs till I rang up good old Grimstead this morning. Thought I'd best see the chief inspector at once."

He took the square of oatmeal tweed out of his raincoat pocket and looked at it ruefully. "I've always been fond of this suit. But I am sorry, Mary, you know. I hope McGrath doesn't hold it against either of us. And you do look frightfully disreputable, my dear."

He smiled at her, and she looked at Dan.

"I'll string along still," said McGrath the magnanimous. "I guess she'll patch up as well as your coat."

Sidney Copeland cleared his throat. "If I understand your idiom, Mr. McGrath," he said, "perhaps I'd better remind you that in England we like to know something about the young men our daughters marry—about them and their families, and their families' antecedents, if they've got——"

Dan grinned. "The McGraths don't mind being investigated. There's our embassy. Or try your own consul in Baltimore. But after all, it's up to Mary, isn't it? Or is it? I forget I'm not at home."

"Yes, it is, Mr. McGrath." Louise Winship smiled at him. "It's up to Mary."

"She'll have to live in Baltimore, Maryland. She'll have to learn how to cook, if she doesn't know now. A pioneer woman, drawing the water and hewing the wood. When she can hobble around, that is. We don't work our women when they're lame. She won't have much money till I make it, but she'll——"

"Oh, don't, Dan, don't!" Mary pulled herself up with her one good hand on to her one good foot. "Please don't! I don't care if we starve. All I want is——"

"Good girl," Dan said. "Here, use this." He took out his handkerchief and wiped her face tenderly with it. "You're sweet, Mary. Maybe life won't be so tough as all that!"

Inspector Bull had gone. Dan could see him through the window, his burly figure moving through the ragged, overgrown rhododendrons across to the house with the staircase.

"Well, I think Mr. Pinkerton and I'll go along," he said. He lifted Mary Winship's chin and kissed her gently. "Get well quick, will you, honey? I'm tired of always having an audience around. It ruins my technique."

Mary smiled up at him. "I think it's quite . . . okay."

"Speak your own language, lady. You speak yours and I'll speak mine. Goodbye now. I'll be back." A sort of dumb compassion wrinkled his lean, earnest face as he looked down at her. "Don't think about it, Mary, sweet," he whispered. "Don't let it get you down, baby. It's. . . ."

She buried her dark head quickly in his shoulder for a moment. "Oh, no! It's—it's horrible, but at least we know. There's nothing we can do. We don't have to worry and wonder, and be always waiting any more. And mother—mother'll be well again."

"That's my girl." He held her tightly for an instant, and then for the fourth time his audience made no difference to McGrath, of Baltimore.

Out in the hall, Mr. Pinkerton stopped and took off his steel-rimmed, lozenge-shaped spectacles and polished them with his torn handkerchief. They were unaccountably blurred. He blinked his eyes, put the spectacles back on, and looked timidly up at Dan McGrath.

"I'm very pleased, Dan," he said. "I'm really very pleased about you and Mary. I'd really like to congratulate you."

They shook hands solemnly.

"And I've just thought of something," Mr. Pinkerton said. He shook his head a little. "Do you recall? She always said Scott Winship was dead. Miss Caroline, I mean. She said it over and over again. Oh, dear, what great

"Have you any vices?"

fools she must have thought us, not to believe her when she was telling the truth."

"Right," Dan said. "I thought of that back in there. Let's forget it now, shall we?"

Mr. Pinkerton nodded vigorously. He was glad to forget it. "Well," he said. His heart sank a little. "Well, I expect I should go back to my room."

It was so seldom that he felt the tremulous brush of the butterfly wings of romance rising above the terror and brutality of crime to erase the memory of it, and to flutter through his small grey heart, leaving there a precious deposit of its radiant and irridescent dust, that he was loath to let it go. He looked up at his new friend.

"Nuts," said McGrath. "You and I are going out to get some lunch and go to a movie. I guess the Winships'll be glad to get rid of both of us for a while. And I know just the picture you'd like to see."

It was in Oxford Street, near the Marble Arch. They crossed Park Lane after lunch at the Dorchester, where Mr. Pinkerton would no more have dared to go alone than he would have dared to call at Buckingham Palace at the sherry hour, and went into Hyde Park on their way to Edgware Road. Small knots of listeners were clustered round the stands of the few hardy speakers already out.

Suddenly, from the makeshift rostrum nearest the Marble Arch, came a hoarse, vibrant voice: "The wicked shall be repaid . . . and the good!"

Mr. Pinkerton stopped dead, blinking, clutching at Dan's coat sleeve. They could not see the speaker, but they did not need to.

"I know," said Dan. "He quit. Sarah told me this morning. He presented Miss Grimstead with his compliments and left."

Mr. Pinkerton was somewhat relieved. He scurried past the knot of listeners round the former chef, keeping well on the offshore side of Dan McGrath, trusting the chef would not see him or he the chef. While he had no reasonable doubt that the man was properly clothed, in Mr. Pinkerton's mind he would be forever clad in a simple nightshirt, and Mr. Pinkerton had no desire to see it again, or those bare feet and horny toes.

He would, in fact, much rather see Miss Rita Hayworth. He knew, as he trotted along beside his friend, McGrath, that that was what they were going to see at this cinema, because he had already been there twice.

INSPECTOR BULL stood on the hanging balcony of the bombed house, with Inspector Carson, in front of the gaping hole in the chimney face. No one would ever know whether the picture was genuine or false; lost forgery or lost masterpiece, it had crumbled irretrievably to flakes and shreds, some blown into nothing by the wind.

"He was wedged just in there, sir, with the picture propped up beside him. Poor devil. His skull was smashed. And this sheet was fixed in to cover him from sight." He took up the square of galvanized tin leaning against the bricks. "It's part of a furnace sheathing. She must have planned the whole thing out some time before and had this cut and brought to the house. She must have been strong as an ox to get him in here."

Bull nodded soberly. "Her father was paralysed. She was used to lifting him about, I expect. She was a powerful woman. But this isn't heavy."

He took the sheet of metal from Carson's hands.

"No. And it was fixed in neatly behind the bricks to seal him in. I wouldn't be surprised if she'd stood here with old Pegott while he laid the bricks, so he wouldn't have a look behind."

"I expect if he had done he'd have joined Winship, and she'd have finished the brickwork herself."

"Right, sir."

Inspector Carson bent down and picked up a dried black flake of the old canvas. "Too bad about this—if it was worth ten thousand pounds. The heat from the flue in winter and the damp in summer were too much for it, I expect."

He let the fragment fall to the floor. "Well, I hope old Pulham's looking down on us. He'd like this."

Bull crossed over to No. 4. Miss Caroline Winship's room was closed, the door locked. Hope could live there again. It lived already in the sitting-room of the flat where Mrs. Winship and Sidney Copeland were, and where Mary Winship waited for Dan McGrath.

He stopped last in Miss Violet Grimstead's office.

"I'm certainly glad I went upstairs, Inspector," Miss Grimstead was saying briskly. "I never believed Mrs. Winship was quite so seedy as she looked."

It was the most flagrant knowledge after the event, but what of that, Bull thought.

"And I shouldn't have gone up, Inspector, and insisted on ringing Mr. Copeland as I did when I saw how very seedy she really was even then if I'd not heard scratching and hammering. I never suspected it was that Dalrymple-Hughes putting bolts on my newly decorated woodwork. I never would have thought Caroline Winship was not ringing the doctor on purpose. I thought she was too unstrung at her sister's distress. And I didn't find out what the noise I'd heard was, until I looked about again that night. I'm afraid I gave Mary and Mr. McGrath quite a turn, but I found out what had made the noise."

Miss Grimstead was managerially efficient and crisp about the whole thing.

"I shall report it to the estate managers," she said. "I think the Winships should be held responsible for the damage done. And I shall also request them for permission to require Mr. Pinkerton to find other lodgings. He's a great trial to me, Inspector Bull. Besides a loss of revenue. Do you realize he's inveigled them into permitting Mr. McGrath to live here without charge as long as he's in London? And with Mary all crocked up, heaven knows how long that will be. A week? Two weeks? Who can tell? When I inquired of Mr. Copeland after lunch he as much as told me it was none of my business."

Inspector Bull, a patient and also a kindly man, chewed at the end of his tawny moustache.

"Well, Miss Grimstead," he said placidly, moving towards the door, "if it hadn't been for Mr. Pinkerton there might have been more trouble."

He smiled faintly, inwardly, and shook his head a little, thinking about it, and recalling that it was Pinkerton's remembering that Miss Caroline Winship had called him "Mr. Pilkington" that had tilted the whole puzzle into place in his mind. It was Pilkington Crescent where Pegott's father, the stonemason, had lived.

"We should give him full marks for that. And another thing," Bull said. "I shouldn't give him away, and I'm telling you this in confidence, ma'am—but I shouldn't try to put him out of this house, if I were you. He owns it. He's the Pinkerton of Pinkerton Estates, Limited." He opened the door. "Good day, ma'am," he said mildly. "I expect you'll not have any more trouble now for a bit. I hope not. Goodbye."

It was not often that Miss Grimstead was at a complete loss. She stared, speechless, now, at the door that had closed behind the large cinnamon-brown figure of the inspector from New Scotland Yard. Miss Grimstead had been standing behind her desk. She said, "My God!" and sank down into her chair, still staring at the door. Suddenly she raised her hand and put it over her mouth.

"Pinkerton," she whispered. "The Pinkerton of Pinkerton Estates, Limited." Rich. Not a bachelor but a widower. Widowers were simpler than bachelors. Every woman knew that.

With an unsteady hand, Miss Grimstead reached down, unlocked and pulled open her lowest desk drawer. She took out the bottle of her restorative, a trifle of gin kept medicinally for emergencies—though never yet for one like this—poured a couple of inches into the glass she also kept there, and swallowed it. She replaced the bottle and glass, closed the drawer and locked it again. After a few moments of meditation she reached out and pressed the bell for Sarah, the maid.

When the girl came, Miss Grimstead was herself again, brisk and managerial and efficient, with two bright roses blooming in her cheeks—brighter than usual, actually, as Miss Grimstead customarily took a little water with her restorative.

"Sarah," she said, "we're going to move dear Mr. Pinkerton into Mr. Dalrymple-Hughes's flat. I think he'll be more comfy there."

It was her former favourite's flat. *Out with the old, in with the new*, Miss Grimstead thought to herself a little groggily. "And, Sarah, don't forget to put a hot-water bottle in his bed at night, dear. Gentlemen like to be warm and cosy. And clean towels twice a week, Sarah. I'll speak to the new valet. We mustn't keep Mr. Pinkerton waiting for his breakfast. And the lamb's kidney we saved for Colonel Mayhew . . . I'm sure Mr. Pinkerton would enjoy that, grilled on a nice piece of hot toast."

Sarah backed out of the door. "Cor! Dear Mr. Pinkerton. Ain't 'e goin' to be surprised!" She set out in an open run to the kitchen to tell the staff.

Miss Grimstead, after further meditation, broke a hard-and-fast rule: she took a second drop of restorative. She then took the bill she had already started to make out for Mr. McGrath in the box room. She picked up her pen and dipped it in the pot of red ink on the desk in front of her. There was a small item of five pounds surcharge and service fees over and above the basic charge.

Smiling benignly, she crossed it out. Then she thought again, crumpled the paper in her hand and dropped it in the waste-paper basket.

And isn't Mr. McGrath going to be surprised? she thought. *He thinks Mr. Pinkerton is pathetic.*

What was it Mr. McGrath had said to her about Mr. Pinkerton? She tried to remember.

"He's one sweet little guy," he had said.

"Well!" said Miss Grimstead. She sat smiling to herself. It was axiomatic, in any bright lexicon, that no lonely widower could successfully resist the blandishments of good food in his stomach and a hot-water bottle in his bed. To say nothing of charm. Miss Grimstead pulled the silken thread, sweet with honey, from her mind's alert cocoon. A spider might have hers elsewhere, but one could hardly speak so of the manageress of No. 4 Godolphin Square.

Miss Grimstead started deftly weaving her happy web.

And in a cinema in Oxford Street, Mr. Evan Pinkerton sat breathless and enchanted beside Daniel McGrath, enthralled by Hollywood and love among the Americans. THE END

"The Murders In Godolphin Square" by David Frome, will be published in book form by Robert Hale, Ltd., in the autumn, price 9s. 6d., under the title "Murder On The Square."

NOW YOU KNOW

ARE YOU CURIOUS about your ancestors? You can learn a lot about them from public records, if you're prepared to take the trouble. With the help of Somerset House, you should get back to 1837. Clues it provides are birth, marriage and death registrations. But don't expect officials there to do the tracing—that's your job.

Your next clue is the census of 1851 at the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, London. This gives the occupation and birthplace of everyone then living. If you want to dig even deeper, the final links are parish registers. These go back to 1538.

The Society of Genealogists can sometimes short-circuit a long search. It costs 10s. a day or 5s. a half day to use the Society's library. They may even find you a pedigree and a coat of arms.

A GREAT NEW NOVEL by NEVIL SHUTE

JOHN BULL has secured the exclusive British serial rights of a great new novel by Nevil Shute, *A Town Like Alice*—the Book Society's choice for June. The first instalment will appear in John Bull on May 20. More details next week.

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Cup Final Captain

by IDRIS HARRINGTON

Clever football and a flair for getting the best out of his team make Liverpool's Phil Taylor a great leader. He's called the coolest skipper ever

PHIL TAYLOR HAS captained Liverpool since its regular skipper, Jack Balmer, was injured early in the season. As Liverpool fought its way through successive rounds of the Cup competition it became apparent that, short of a miraculous return to playing fitness by Balmer, Taylor would again lead the side against Arsenal in the Final at Wembley on Saturday afternoon.

To Liverpool fans he is Phil (Happy-Go-Lucky Don't-Rush-Me) Taylor—slim, tight-lipped, brown-eyed, with dark hair parted slightly off centre, who plays effortless, nonchalant soccer, and is one of the oldest and most reliable landmarks of the club. Its history and his career have run on parallel tracks for the last fourteen years.

He was born in Bristol, the second of a family of six, and went to Greenbank School. His father was a soccer enthusiast, who'd take his three sons and a ball into the park every Sunday afternoon for a kick-about until teatime.

"Dad was responsible for my early lessons in ball control," Taylor recalls. "He kept me at it till I got my first jersey in the Greenbank Juniors." In a year he had graduated to the senior team, which reached the semi-final of the Bristol Schools' Cup. He was eleven, and even then a casual, seemingly easy-going player, though he usually got to the ball first and managed to take it away after every encounter.

Boy Who Led England

He was playing for the Bristol Boys in 1931, captaining them in 1932. That season he also captained England in a boys' friendly international against Wales at the Bristol City ground. England won by a goal and Phil Taylor scored it, though he had switched his position to right half-back. "Denis Compton played left-half," he remembers. "Hagan, now of Sheffield United, was inside-forward, and Goldberg and Catlin were also in the team. We beat Wales six-two, at Barry, and Scotland five-nil, at Newcastle." But the end of the season brought Taylor's schooldays to a close.

He had grown up with an ambition to play for the Bristol Rovers, and managed to get a job as a groundsman and helped in the training room. There was no coaching those days for young players; Taylor had to pick up what he could of the professional game by watching experienced players on the field and putting the lessons into practice, playing for the Boys' Brigade and Bristol St. George's. The third season of that period he played for Gloucestershire County against the pick of Birmingham.

On February 27, 1935, he signed as a professional—for the Rovers—completing the season with forty-five matches for their Colts' "A" team, and eight matches for the Reserves; he was seventeen the following season when he achieved his ambition of playing in the club's first eleven — in twenty-five League matches and three rounds of the F.A. Cup. In the second round they had met Oldham "away" and drawn one-all. The replay was "at home," which the Rovers won four-one, Taylor getting a hat-trick with three goals in quick succession.

Where Experience Tells

"We met Arsenal in the third round," he goes on, "and were winning one-nil at half-time. But on the change-over they scored five goals—the difference," he explains, "between a first and a third division team. I know the Arsenal. They give nothing away. They lasted better and experience told in the long run." The London team had fielded a formidable side—Moss in goal; Male and Hapgood as backs; Crayston, Roberts and Copping as halves; Hulme, Bowden, Drake, Davidson and Bastin as forwards.

Phil Taylor was transferred to Liverpool in March, 1936. He played one game for the Reserves against Sheffield Wednesday Reserves and the following week was picked to play for the first team against Derby County, at Derby, in which Liverpool won by a goal and he scored it.

George Kay, who became Liverpool's manager soon after Taylor joined the club, remembers their new inside-right. "Taylor, Fagan and Balmer comprised the inside-forward line," he tells. "The three of them were only young lads at the time, and I certainly didn't want to see them burned up in a few years playing top-class soccer in a gruelling position." He illustrates his point with a pencil. "Though the centre-forward is not there merely for his health," he explains, "he has a much easier time than the two inside-forwards, who have to keep on feeding the ball to him. . . ." To give his young forwards a break, Kay introduced his forward switch, whereby the three players changed positions during the play, giving each a turn at centre. The forward switch is now a standard tactic used by many first-class clubs. "But," Kay adds, "we introduced it."

The Life Of A Pro.

There is a lot to be said for the life of a professional footballer. By other standards, he may be underpaid for a turnstile star, but he works barely ten hours a week.

Liverpool players begin their training routine every Tuesday, with two hours' ball practice on the Metwood grounds. On Wednesday, there is lapping on the club grounds—ten or twelve laps—with sprinting, P.T. and gym-work; and that again on Thursday. Friday morning is for a tactical talk and massage. Saturday is match day. They rest on Sunday, and on Monday they play golf. Lunch is free at the club canteen—a well-cooked substantial meal, eaten between sips of Grade A milk; and every player takes a couple of eggs home for his breakfast.

The tactical talks are held round an electro-magnetized plan of the field, with lettered counters indicating the positions. Tactics are worked out in detail for every match; opposition plans are analysed, with ways of countering them. "Players must use their brains as well as their muscles," Kay demands.

In the off-season, Phil Taylor plays cricket; in the summer of 1939 he played for Gloucestershire County. Little else is required of him than that he should keep fit, and as far as George Kay is concerned, it is up to the individual to do this the way to suit himself. Some off-seasons Liverpool goes on tour. Taylor was with the club only seven weeks when he went with it through France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, as far as Rumania.

At a match in Bulgaria, the crowd did not take very kindly to the result and a shower of bricks and stones was thrown over the wooden stand. "We were changing under the stand," Taylor recalls, "and could hear the racket going on outside. We expected a rough time the moment we tried to get clear of the field, but funnily, as we stepped out on to the road, the shouting suddenly died."

In the summer of 1939 Taylor collected a black eye in the first game they played against Sweden. He was carried off the field and spent three days in bed. "In the restaurants the German teams were all heiling Hitler," he adds. "Little did we know at the time we'd be fighting them before the year was out."

The Liverpool team formed a recruiting nucleus for the 9th Battalion of the King's Regiment, and when Phil Taylor got back to the club after his demob in January, 1946, he found the others returning, too, in drips and drabs, all fit and complete, save Tommy Cooper, their captain before the war, who had been killed in a motor cycle accident. They mustered a couple of teams, flew to Germany and gave the troops two free exhibition matches at Celle and Hanover. It was the kick-off of a good year for Liverpool that redeemed their undistinguished performances in the two seasons just before the war.

Unbeaten American Tour

In May they went to the States and played through the tour without losing a single game, a record for any soccer team from Europe. "What surprised me," Taylor says, "is that spectators didn't turn up in rainy weather, but, of course, the stadiums had very little covered accommodation." Some matches were played on baseball pitches at night in floodlight—a new experience for Liverpool. "Everywhere we went," Taylor continues, "we met specfators whose origin in England was the home town of one of our players. They took us to their homes and made us very welcome. On the second American tour the following

Happy-Go-Lucky Taylor leads out his team. Tactics are well planned

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CUP FINAL CAPTAIN

Continued from previous page

summer we met a Swedish eleven and beat them two-one on the Brooklyn Dodgers Baseball Ground." From that tour Liverpool again returned unbeaten, with Phil Taylor now playing right half-back, in place of Matt Busby, who had retired to become manager of Manchester United.

Followed the 1947-48 season, one of Liverpool's brightest for many a year, and certainly the greatest in Phil Taylor's individual career. The club won the League Championship and reached the Semi-Final of the F.A. Cup. Taylor himself was capped as right-half for England against Wales at Cardiff, against Ireland at Liverpool, and against Sweden at Highbury Stadium.

The 1948-49 season was less spectacular. But Liverpool began 1949-50 by remaining unbeaten in nineteen League matches off the reel, till Huddersfield stopped the run by a lucky goal in the last few seconds of the game. But it was a fifty-year record, and Liverpool has managed to stay at the top of the first division of the English League longer than any other club this season. "For three months every club's been going all out against us," Taylor explains. "Practically every match has been as tough as a cup-tie—but they've been good rehearsals for Wembley."

Their First Wembley Final

It will be Liverpool's first Cup Final at Wembley since the event was held there in 1923, a match which George Kay remembers well as West Ham's captain and centre-half. Coincidentally, Jim Seddon, Liverpool's second-team trainer, was Kay's opposite number for Bolton Wanderers in the same match.

Kay is sanguine about Liverpool's chances against Arsenal: "Of course we'll win. But let's not talk about the Cup Final; I'm trying to keep from thinking about it." His hopes are founded on the dozen players who have represented Liverpool in the F.A. Cup rounds and from whom he will pick his final eleven. They are:

Cyril Sidlow in goal, the six-foot Welsh International, unspectacular, unconcerned about the gallery and ranked among the best goalkeepers playing football. Right-back Ray Lambert, another Welsh International, who came to Liverpool straight from school. He is a double-footed player, keen in the tackle and one of the fastest. Eddie Spicer, left-back, a former international schoolboy player, who signed on at fourteen and has just graduated up from the "A" team, moving from left-half to his new position. Kay believes he has the makings of an International, Phil Taylor as right-half, with his deft footwork, "And," says Kay, "a level-headed, popular and encouraging captain."

Laurie Hughes, centre-half, who joined during the war, when he was seventeen. He has played regularly in this position, and last year represented the F.A. against Holland. Not solely a stopper, Hughes is a good distributor and one of the most accurate headers of the season. Bill Jones, who joined Liverpool at sixteen, and has the record of playing in more positions than any other member of the team. His forte is his ability to get the ball under control and serve it well. Full-back, winger, centre-half, centre- or inside-forward, Jones is at home anywhere on the field. Nicknamed "Play-Anywhere" Jones, he is tall, well-built and fair-haired, was a guardsman during the war and collected the M.M. for gallantry in the Battle of the Rhine.

Liverpool's terrier, who ferrets out the ball and won't permit inside-forwards to "live" in front of him, is the club's alternative left-half, Bob Paisley, who joined after honours with Bishop Auckland in the Amateur Cup Final at Sunderland in 1939. Forwards are Jimmy Payne, a local boy from the Bootle district, small-made and lion-hearted, a dribbler, the team's Stanley Matthews; Kevin Baron, a Bevin boy from Preston, the smallest in the team, a tricky Mannion-style player, who has just come up into the first team; Albert Stubbins, a ginger-headed six-footer, transferred from Newcastle United in 1946-47 for the then record fee of £13,000—a tricky centre-forward, noted for his politeness to opposing goalkeepers; Billy Fagan, Scottish wartime International and the only member of the team to have played in a F.A. Cup Final at Wembley, who will not part with the ball unless he can put it on to a colleague's toes; and Bill Liddell, the speedy and unorthodox outside-left, picked to play for Scotland against England at Hampden Park, Glasgow, on April 15, the top goal-scorer of the team—and recently the father of twins.

Behind The Scenes

"Don't forget the backroom boys," Phil Taylor adds, referring to the khaki-coated veterans, who log their weights, massage them, apply hot fomentations—Albert Shelly, the first-team trainer, an old Southampton player; Jimmy Seddon, his assistant; Joe Hewitt, a Liverpool player early in the century.

Farther behind the scenes are the wives, most of whom live as neighbours in the comma-shaped Westfield Avenue and meet for tea and cakes after the "home" matches. There is something about Mrs. Taylor's mouth that reminds one of Hollywood's Joan Blondell; they have two daughters—Lynn, nearly five, and Gillian, thirteen months.

"I suppose I could be described as a Liverpool fan," Mrs. Taylor admits. "She only started following us seriously after the war," her husband qualifies. "There are people who have been at it longer than that."

One is Jim Murphy, railway reservation clerk at Lime Street Station, an impressive and dignified Liverpudlian. Murphy has followed the club's fortunes for forty-two years. "We're going to win that Cup," he predicts. "I'll tell you why—it's the finest team we've ever fielded, and Phil Taylor's the coolest captain we've ever had. You must stay cool. You've got to keep your head at Wembley."

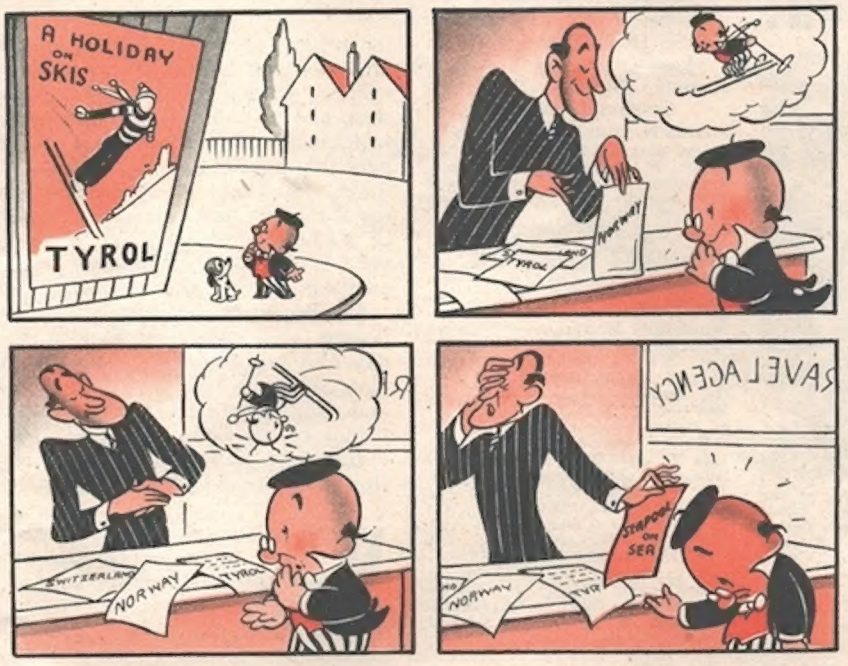
THE END

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

MR. DIMPLE

by David Hand



WATER DIVINER'S CHALLENGE

Continued from page 12

have latent possibilities. But it takes years of constant practice before one can graduate into a mature and accurate dowser.

Volumes of theory have been written about the phenomenon; the most acceptable explanation in dowsing circles is that water and other dowsable substances give off an emanation or ray. This causes an involuntary nerve-muscular reaction in the sensitive dowser, which in turn causes the instrument he is holding to register.

Superstition attaching to the shape and material of the divining rod has long been dissipated. The rod may be of any material, natural or manufactured, and of any convenient size. Some dowsers don't use an instrument at all.

Others swear by a pendulum which gives indications by shifting from a tick-tock movement to a circular gyration. Pogson uses a small wire gadget about the size of two cigarettes which his father-in-law invented and called the motorscope.

With the motorscope held lightly in both hands before him, Pogson stalks about a field until he sees the pointer dip. Now, he says, he is over water; and by watching the level of the pointer he claims he can follow the course of an underground stream.

"Pull" Measures Depth

After years of experience Pogson can tell by the force of the "pull" on his motorscope the depth of a stream. Yield he estimates by walking round and round a point above the stream, counting revolutions as his motorscope rotates. He was doing this the time the male nurses nearly carted him off to the lunatic asylum.

There are allegedly quicker methods of determining depth and yield; indeed Pogson is said to be very much behind the times. Modern dowsing is directed towards practically anything worth looking for—water, oil, minerals, even missing corpses—and modern dowsers dowse with a pendulum in one hand and a sample of the substance required in the other. For corpses an article of clothing is used.

The outfit of W. H. Trinder, of Warminster, contains pendulums of various sizes, rods of various colours for testing contamination in underground streams and where the contamination enters, compass, magnet, samples of various minerals, precious stones, bottles of oil, distilled water, mineral waters. There is also a corked empty bottle. With this and his pendulum Trinder says he discovered an underground passage at Rockingham Castle.

On the Continent, particularly in Belgium, Holland and France, dowsing is said to have made rapid strides. Many refinements have been added. Serial number and colour combinations are used on the assumption that substances have an affinity for certain colours and numbers. With an oat or a wheat seed the most suitable fields for these crops are sought.

Doctoring By Dowsing

Health dowsers will use a pendulum over their patients to find diseased organs, then dowse over bottles of germs to find the offending microbe, and finally dowse over a collection of medicines to determine the best to administer. The French call this form of treatment radiesthesia. Testing a New Zealand practitioner, Ongley once witnessed the detection of varicose veins in a young man's wooden leg.

Nevertheless the pendulum tells these dowsers whether a plate of food is bad to eat, or just too much. Others get their pendulums to answer questions—clockwise for yes; anticlockwise for no; tick-tock for maybe. Held over photographs it will say whether the subject is dead or alive, male or female, while the sex of unborn babies or unhatched chickens is no longer a mystery.

W. H. Trinder, who must be the most gifted in Britain with the pendulum, claims to be able to dowse for water and minerals without even having to visit the area. He uses a map. On it he will trace the flow of underground streams, estimating depth and yield. Once a friend sent him a map of the Kalahari Desert. Trinder mapped its underground water supplies and sent it back to his friend.

Pogson professes an open mind concerning these complementary aspects of dowsing. "I can't see how the divining ray can affect a dowser working with a map miles away from the spot," he says.

He is not particularly interested in the psychic. His personal problem is the water supply of Britain. He wants to dowse for nothing else—if only the waterworks would listen to him.

THE END

HIGHER OUTPUT!

Father's shaving from the Creda

We don't stop the wheels of industry from *our* house every time we want hot water during peak hours! And we don't wait for the water to heat either. Our Creda storage water heater uses a minimum of electricity to heat the water, and because of the special lagging and automatic heat control, it gives us lashings of piping hot water whenever we want it, for every purpose—and at very low cost indeed

There's a Creda storage water heater to suit every size of family and every type of plumbing system. Visit your electrical contractor or your electricity service centre NOW

Creda electric storage water heater

MADE BY THE HOUSE OF Simplex

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For Smart Healthy Hair

When you use Brylcreem, your hair will never let you down. It will stay in perfect position throughout the most hair-ruffling day! Soft, glossy, without a trace of gumming that's what Brylcreem'd hair means to you. And it means much more than that. For Brylcreem controls your hair the healthy way. Its pure emulsified oils give the roots a chance and banish Dry Hair, Dandruff and Tight Scalp. Ask for Brylcreem—most men do.

BRYLCREEM to be sure

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., Stanmore, Mddx. *royds 67/28*

Johnny invites 20 Readers to the Sea!

COME to Eastbourne with a companion for a carefree summer holiday as JOHN BULL'S *guests. I'll meet you on the pier!*

That is the invitation now extended to twenty JOHN BULL readers by Johnny Goodbullet, the famous *Bullets* bulldog. Win this week's £500 First Prize or any of the nine other chief cheques and you can choose any seaside resort in Britain for your *Bullets* holiday week.

Choose Eastbourne for the week beginning Saturday, September 2, and you and your companion will be privileged to join in a round of free entertainments specially arranged for the *Bullets* holiday party.

PRIZES VALUE OVER

£1,000

£500 1st PRIZE

£50, £25, 2 of £10, 5 of £5,

each plus

SEASIDE HOLIDAY

As one of this year's Seaside Holiday winners, you and your companion will be invited to join the "Bulleteers'" party at Eastbourne, arranged by Cook's. (Cheque offered in lieu if you take no holiday.)

10 of £2 . 10s., 50 of 10s.

2,000 "Good Shots"

£25 in CASH BONUSES

—see coupon below

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated May 27, and in JOHN BULL dated June 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

SWISS HOLIDAYS

to be won next week and SEASIDE HOLIDAYS in "Bulletin" dated May 20—apply on coupon below.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Picture Of Prosperity
The Human Race
True Happiness
The Pub's Closing, So
Hand Of Time
Good, Honest Work
Russian Delegate
To Get There
Spying Out The Land
Deserted
Up And Down
Piece Of Cake
Ready For The Visitors
Kept On
Detective Sonny
Knew Too Much
Tasty Morsel
Crying For The Moon
Twittering
At Our Factory Sports

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Touch Of.....
Put.....First And
Everything But .....
For.....To Decide
When It Comes To.....
What.....Heard

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,730 (or Xword 682), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

No diving, Johnny! Here, on the pier at Eastbourne, is Johnny Goodbullet with one of last year's *Bullets* holiday winners, Mrs. L. Kensett, Clacton-on-Sea. "My husband and I were proud to be snapped with Johnny," she said. "He's a beautiful lad."

Continued from next column

20 Prizes of £1, 50 of 10s., and 2,000 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

"Bullets" Winners 1,725

FIRST PRIZE, £600 plus SWISS HOLIDAY for TWO: I. James, c/o 90 Sycamore Avenue, Newport, Mon: SCIENTIFIC WIZARD AND NATURAL FOOL, MAN!

£100 plus SWISS HOLIDAY for TWO: F. Beal, 15 Potts Terrace, Normanton, Yorks: THE BIGGER THE FAMILY—MORE MOUTHS—MORE LAUGHS!

£50 plus SWISS HOLIDAY for TWO: G. Pratchett, 29 Aygill Avenue, Haworth Road, Bradford: COME ON, BRITONS—UP AND *Cap* 'EM!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: L. Hall, 17 Fitzwilliam Street, Mablethorpe: SCIENTIFIC WIZARD — "SHRUNK" WORLD—SHRIVELLING, TOMORROW? £10: H. E. Smith, 107 Allington Avenue, Lenton, Nottingham: COME ON, BRITONS — *Then*, COME WHAT MAY——. £5: J. Beard, 34 Kent Road, St. Helens, Lancs: COME ON, BRITONS —MAKE TOURISTS *Our* "TRAVELLERS"! £5: Mrs. R. Corney, 26 Gaveston Road, Coundon, Coventry: THE HYDROGEN TEAM—CALMLY DISCUSS *Liverpool's* "CHANCE"! £5: C. Davies, 2 Cuddington Avenue, Withington, Manchester, 20: HER IDEA OF A HOLIDAY—SUN, SEA—SONNY, ME. £5: A. W. Lester, 22 Regent Street, Walsall: THE VILLAGE TEAM—ELEVEN PAIRS OF "ELEVENS"! £5: Mrs. E. Pickard, 9 Gilstead, Bingley: COME ON, BRITONS—EVERY D—— DAY'S "D-DAY"!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated April 22.

Continued in previous column

Cash, Holidays, Food for Xwords

THIS WAY TO WIN £100

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

1st Prize plus SEASIDE WEEK for TWO

(If prize shared, £20 Holiday Cash added to £100 award.)

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

100 FOOD PARCELS

containing extras for your larder and luxuries for your table—one parcel with each Runners-up Prize of 5s. or over

UP TO

500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES

one for each 2nd Runner-up

Across Clues XWORD 682

1. University sports are more than ordinarily interesting to
5. Actress whose this is recognized gets a kick out of it
9. Most football referees are this by the shouts of spectators
10. Leakage may be traced to certain this
12. Criminal resorting to violence is nearly always
13. It's no joke when one pinches
14. A narrow-minded bigot who you think behaves deplorably is difficult to

Down Clues

1. Serious attack sometimes follows one
2. In one sense indicates something inadequate
3. Peppery old gentleman is rather apt to get in this
4. Great many youngsters are attracted by them before they are fully grown
6. Certain kind of player relies on having a really good one
7. Garden soil doesn't so often get this in the winter months
8. A boy is silly to become this when accused of some misdemeanour by teacher
11. Sometimes turns out the reverse of friendly

£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 677

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Battle. 5, Share. 6, Rods. 8, Cress. 9, Stump. 10, Bumps. 12, Sin. 14, Tight. DOWN: 1, Beards. 2, Toys. 3, Table. 4, Terms. 7, Draught or Drought. 11, Slap. 13, Hit.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. E. Day, 15 Anglesey Road, Gosport, Hants.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 12 entrants who also receive Food Parcels. "Signpost" Prizes to 2nd Runners-up.

1 F	O	2 L	L	O	3 W	■	4 P	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
A	■	I	■	5 F	A	C	E	■	6 R	■	■	■	■	■
I	N	C	H	■	R	■	A	C	E	■	■	■	■	■
N	E	K	■	7 R	■	8 M	R	■	E	■	■	■	■	■
T	A	■	■	9 A	M	U	S	E	D	■	■	■	■	■
■	10 T	A	L	K	■	T	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	■	N	■	E	Y	E	I	N	11 G	■	■	■	■	■
12 H	O	U	N	D	■	■	B	O	A	■	■	■	■	■
■	A	R	E	■	■	S	I	■	M	■	■	■	■	■
13 A	R	A	B	682	14 N	U	D	G	E	■	■	■	■	■

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **682** Closing Postmark, MONDAY, MAY 8

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed Mr R GIBSON

Address 4 Tulketh "Fern" Waterloo Rd Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston, Lancashire

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 20.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

WIN £100 and SEASIDE WEEK with this COUPON

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

EXAMPLE 6d.

BULLET

EX. 6d.

B.

EX. 6d.

B.

EX. 6d.

B.

£25 IN CASH BONUSES As winner of one of the 20 chief prizes you share this additional £25 if your successful effort was one of four or more *Bullets* on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

Closing Postmark, **1,730** MON., MAY 8

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value.....

No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

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APPLY on this COUPON for "BULLETS" and CROSSWORD GUIDE

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for eight weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE. If requiring Specimen copy only, containing SEASIDE HOLIDAY OFFERS, affix 2½d. stamp below.

P.O. 1s. No.....

For SPECIMEN copy of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* (dated May 20) **STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

543

AUTUMN CRICKET

Continued from page 17

for nearly half an hour and heard an excellent summary of a very exciting game, something I suppose that had remained in his memory, which was still fresh and vivid whatever happened to the rest of his mind, perhaps overweighted and upset by the sheer power of that part of the brain that stores and preserves past days. It was really a very exciting match. W. G.'s team won.

I saw Modgers home, hale and hearty, and I went to Meadly next day and urged him to leave the old man alone, at least till winter came, and told him that I felt sure he would be all right.

But long before winter was here the old man died.

WHAT happened, as we afterwards heard from his wife, was only a fortnight later, for the old man was a bit older than Meadly had thought. It happened on his ninetieth birthday. And old Mrs. Modgers told us that on that very evening, while they were having a bit of a supper and a glass of wine to celebrate the occasion, the mist having risen, as it always did in the autumn, but no higher than one of their windows, old Modgers had glanced out of the window and suddenly said they had made him an honorary member, an honorary of the ghosts who used to play at Long Barrow, because he was ninety.

He said that this was a great honour, because he was the only living man that had been invited to play at night on that ground. And they were going to play that night, Modgers had said, and the Doctor himself, that is Doctor Grace, had invited Modgers to play for him. So Modgers had gone; she couldn't stop him. And this time he wouldn't even dress up warm.

"Well," she said, "he went out there with his bat, for he had an old bat that he still kept in a cupboard, and he said he wouldn't want pads because the ball they were using wasn't as hard as all that, and he went out to the pitch and bent down like as if he was batting, and began hitting about."

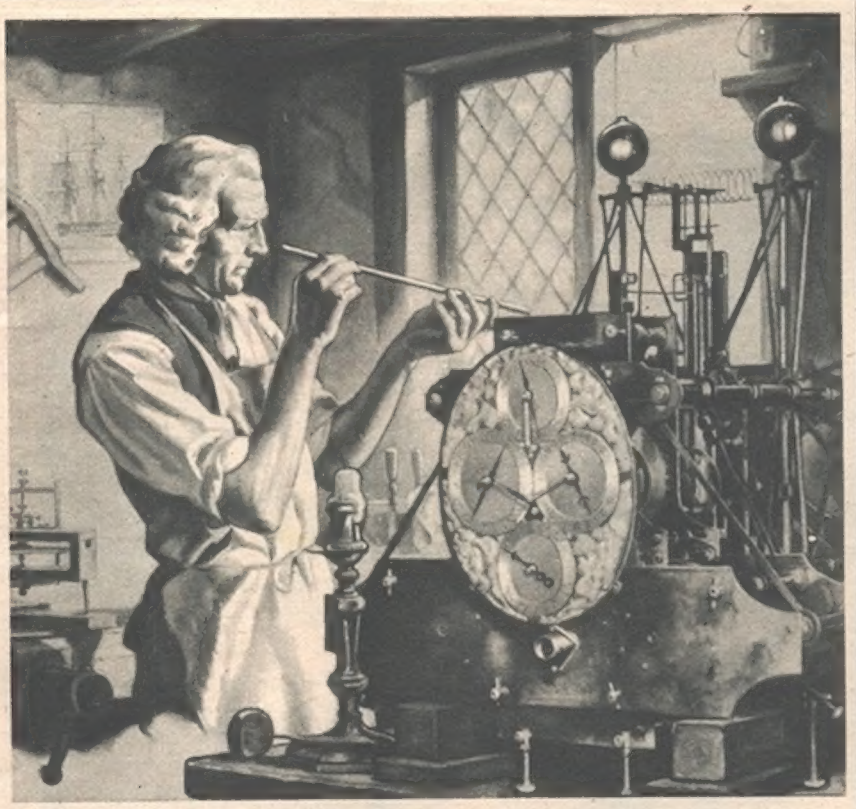
"But surely," Meadly said to her, "he didn't run."

"He seemed to be hitting boundaries," said Mrs. Modgers.

"I stayed and watched the whole time, but he wouldn't allow me to bring him home. He seemed to be hitting boundaries, and so did the gentleman opposite to him, whoever that may have been, or perhaps I should say *whatever*, seeing they was all ghosts but for him. But after he had hit about twenty of them he seemed to get tired and not to be able to hit so far, and then he had to run. I couldn't stop him. And after a while he took off his hat two or three times and looked round about him, seemingly very pleased. And I think he had got his century. And that was when it happened. Of course, a man of his age couldn't run like he did, and he dropped dead. I could do nothing."

We both made those vain attempts that people sometimes make with words, trying to comfort Mrs. Modgers. But, though we knew we could bring her no comfort whatever, we both of us saw a gleam on her face that seemed, faint though it was, to shine from a hidden smile, as she said: "They were never able to shut him up. And he'll be able to play at Long Barrow now with the Doctor and Mr. Gunn whenever he likes."

THE END



A 'landlubber' helped to build Britain's sea-power

UNTIL the 18th century, sailors could not calculate their position at sea with certainty, since they had no timepiece sufficiently accurate to enable them to fix longitude exactly. John Harrison — a Yorkshire carpenter who had never been to sea — set himself to wrestle with the problem. He produced his first model in 1736, and experimented for 25 more years, producing models smaller in size each time, till, in 1761, he produced a chronometer five inches in diameter. When Captain Cook sailed to the South Seas in 1771, he took with him a chronometer made on John Harrison's principles. Thus British vessels received their first satisfactory marine chronometer — an important contribution to the growth of British sea-power.

Today Britain can still call upon men of Harrison's perseverance and inventive skill—*and in these times Britain needs the best efforts of all of us.* The electricity industry is playing its part. Enormous efforts are being made to increase our supplies of electrical power. And at the same time new methods of applying this power will give us greater economy and efficiency in our factories and make our home lives more comfortable.

WATER HEATING *by electricity is clean, economical and labour-saving. Now is the time to see about having it installed so as to be ready for the summer, when it is really a boon to avoid having to light the boiler.*
Call at your Electricity Service Centre for information or write to E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2

Best thing I've ever taken for

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relieves

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. . . but what?

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CIVIL DEFENCE CORPS Responsible men and women over 30 are wanted to train for rescue, ambulance, pioneer, communications and welfare work, and as wardens. Women over 18 can join the ambulance section.

AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE Physically fit men over 30 and women over 18 are needed for this active and important Service.

NATIONAL HOSPITAL SERVICE RESERVE Women between 17½ and 60, and men between 30 and 60, trained or untrained, are needed for nursing work.

SPECIAL CONSTABULARY Men and women over 30 of good character and physique are required for duties in peace or war. Women with previous police experience are eligible at 26.

You can get further details of each of these Services from your local Council Offices, your local Hospital, or at any Fire Station or Police Station

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A CALL TO DUTY

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See for yourself!

IT MUST BE

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Watch the way MIRRO whisks away that grease-film—makes your pots and pans sparkle like new! Mirro kills grease in just a few seconds! And it's *safe* too—Mirro never scratches!

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A quick rub over with Mirro, and tiles are all smiles! No need to rub hard—dirt just *slips* away when Mirro gets on the job.

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Same with sinks — a rub with Mirro and there is no trace of grease...no suspicion of a "dirt-ring". Always use Mirro — the safe cleanser in the red canister.

It must be

MIRRO